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THOUGHTS IN VERSE,

TO SUCH AS HAVE BEEN, OR ARE, IN SORROW.

ELIZA MULVANY

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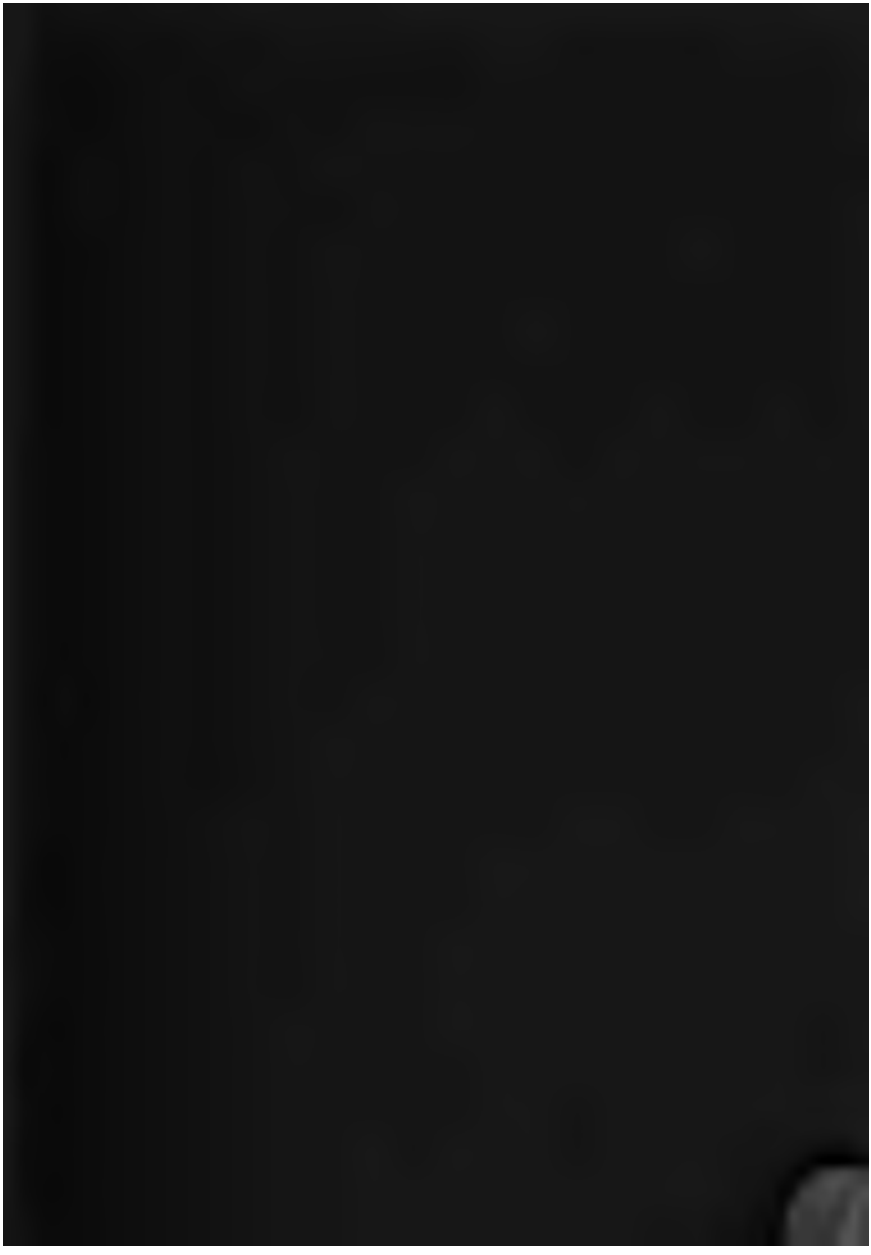

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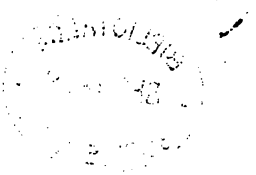

THOUGHTS IN VERSE,

PRINCIPALLY ADDRESSED TO

Such as have been, or are, in Sorrow,

AND WHO

KNOW THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

BY

ELIZA MULVANY.

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THOUGHTS IN VERSE.

In Memory of the late John Anster, LL.D., the celebrated Translator of Goethe's "Faust," who departed this life, June 9th, 1867.

I GRATEFUL, would endeavour to entwine a tribute
to thy praise, in verse of mine.
One bright with genius and a poet's fame, thee as a
life-long friend we love to claim.
Happy thou wert, with children and a wife, ministering
loving sympathy through life;
None showed more hospitality than thee,—genuine,
abounding, unconstrained, and free.

A union close, as brother with a brother, my husband
held with thee as with none other:
No jealous thought, no selfish end or aim, disturbed in
either breast affection's claim.
Social and genial, play and wit combined in winning love
from every youthful mind.
To me thy memory ever will be dear: thou gav'st delight
to those no longer here;
Even to both my sons now pass'd from earth. None
better than the young discern true worth.
Rest with all those I love will soon be mine, where
Christ's redeemed will in His glory shine.

1878.

To my dearest Ellen, on her birthday, with a manuscript book of my Acrostics.

EACH page, my sister, should contain
Life-records, not preserved in vain;
Long-buried joys, and faces fair;
Earth-born afflictions, heavenly care:
Nought but Love's dealings, I'll declare!

Blest occupation for my mind
In this acrostic verse I find:
Sweet peace oft deigns to soothe my woe,
Hence I can heavenly comfort show.
Oh, who would rashly cancel pain,
Permitted such support to gain!

January 17th, 1873.

ACROSTIC.

On the late lamented M.P. for Liverpool, who died almost suddenly at the Euston Hotel, London, January 18th, 1873, aged fifty-four years.

SUCCESS appeared thy birthright. In thy face
At once a bright intelligence we trace:
Majestic form was thine, and speech which brought
Under thy wise control another's thought;
Earnest for good thy comprehensive mind,
Linked with a judgment keen, and taste refined.

Reliant, but not rash, men own thy sway,
On thy opinion trust and lean alway.
But amidst all thy various cares in life,
Enabled to keep free from petty strife,
Ready to help,—to lend a willing ear,
To aid the struggling, and the weak to cheer.

Generous and genial,—ever quick to see,—
Ready to wait for slow capacity.
Advancing years increasing honours bring,
Vital religion being the mainspring,
Even the fount from which each holy aim,
Success in life, and peace and plenty came.

January 28th, 1873.

On the Rev. Thomas Pigot and his family leaving the old Parsonage House, St. Helen's, Lancashire.

"OUR new home will be finer far than this."
"And yet my boy it will be well for thee
If it abate no portion of thy glee.
There's many a nook which *I* shall often miss
In this old house; for much of earthly bliss,"
The aged pastor sighed, "here fell on me.
Here your first breath ye drew, and yet I see
Your baby-faces, children; her first kiss
Your sainted mother gave,—and here her last."
All is forgotten by the playful band
Exulting in the future. Time will cast
His shadows o'er ye, joyful as ye stand.
May ye ne'er dread the future nor the past;
But seek with anxious care the Christian's Fatherland.

1837

—o—

ACROSTIC.

On hearing of the Death of our late lamented Pastor, after a short illness.

THAT warning voice is silent now:
Heavy the seal upon that brow!
O may the souls which, through thy word,
Mourned for their sins and sought the Lord
(A numerous band, on earth unknown),
Shine as the stars, and form thy crown!

Peace to thy memory on earth;
In heaven we may know thy worth.
Generous thou wert:—who never fell,
On good men's foibles let him dwell.
Time-honoured minister, farewell!

January 25th, 1840.

—o—

ACROSTIC.

On the eldest Son of the late Rev. T. Pigot, who was accidentally Drowned in Scotland, whilst skating, on Christmas Eve.

THE sweet is thine: the bitter cup
Has fallen to thy friends to sup.
On thee thy brothers had a claim
More tender than a brother's name;
As orphans they were doubly dear:
Surely for them thou would'st have lingered here!

Praise is in heaven the only song:
If prayer to heaven could belong,
Grace would'st thou ask for those so dear,
On whose young hearts are grief and fear:
Those who're now weeping o'er thine early bier.

December, 1840.

To a Christian Friend.

COME, fellow-pilgrim, let us turn to see
How far we've travelled on this homeward road:
A long and weary way it seems to be;
Rugged and thorny is the path we've trod.
Lured sometimes from our track by hope of rest,
Even by indolence; with bewitching powers,
She spake of shorter ways and tranquil hours.

Many have halted, many have turned back;
A few, how very few, the course have kept!
Regardless of the thorns they held the track;
Strong in their faithful guide they boldly stepped.
Depending on the same we'll climb life's hill,
Enabled thus to tread the dark rough way,
Nor doubt 'twill lead us home to endless day.

1841.

ACROSTIC.

A Prayer written for my beloved Son, on his sixteenth birthday; and sent to him when at school, at Windermere College, August 22nd, 1863.

He was lost in a boat accident, October 9th, 1870, aged twenty-three years.

SHOW favour to Thy servant, Lord,
And make me love Thy Holy Word.
Maintain Thy cause in every strife,
Unfold the mystery of life;

Engage my heart to seek Thy will,
Lead me Thy statutes to fulfil;
Teach me to live a holy life,
Refraining looks and words of strife.
Yield me the fruits of gentleness;
Grant me a sense of present peace;
A future,—joys which ne'er can cease,
Resting on promise sure: no human word,
Nor e'en an angel's, but upon the Lord.

ACROSTIC.

Sixteenth day of October, 1870. *Morning Prayer.*
81*st Psalm.*

"Thou calledst upon Me in troubles, and I heard thee, and delivered thee, what time the storm fell upon thee."

SWIFT as a sunbeam, strong, and clear, and bright,
Appeared this message to our eager sight!
Mourning and trembling, mingled hope and fears,
Until this precious text our spirit cheers;
Even while waiting, asking of the Lord
Light in our darkness, came the healing word.

Two loving friends, each sick: one, far away,
Reading alone, on that same Sabbath day

Yearned for some word of comfort to convey.
God's Spirit led them at the self-same hour,
And pointed both to the same Word with power.
Rich consolation from the fount of love,
Nor torturing doubt, has since had leave to move.

August 16th, 1874.

—o—

ACROSTIC.

On the young Friend who, by missing a train, escaped the fatal boat accident of October 9th, 1870; but who lost his life while on a yachting excursion in the neighbourhood of Quebec, upon October 10th, 1874, aged twenty-three years.

RICH thou wert in manly beauty,
Ever brave, and true, and strong;
Giving first regard to duty:
I would fain this theme prolong.
No dread thought of future evil
Awed thy spirit, buoyant, bright;
Life seemed like a birthday revel,
Decked with fancies gay and light.

Joyous spirit, too soon perished;
All that strength of no avail;
Much beloved, and warmly cherished:
I but weep at the sad tale.

Early on one fatal morning,
  Saved from death four years before,
Only rescued: fruitless warning!
  Now to tread the deathless shore.

December 17th, 1874.

—o—

To a Friend of my beloved lost one.

LINKED with my precious boy in memory's chain,
One bond 'twixt thee and me will e'er remain.
Unknown he mostly kept his inner mind:
In thy appreciation he could find
Solace for slights, or fancied coolness shown;
And thy quick sympathy drew forth his own.

Strangely informal thy acquaintance grew;
Each deemed the other earnest, kind, and true.
Detesting shams, and every vain pretence,
Led him to practice simple common sense;
Eager, though cautious, energetic, brave,
Youthful and wilful, lively, and yet grave.

Doubtless each sad experience of life past,
A sombre influence o'er the mind will cast;
Vague fears of evil pass before the eye,
In every prospect fair which we descry:
Earth's dearest spots are saddened now by gloom;
Smiles, sunshine, joy, we seek beyond the tomb.

July 9th, 1871.

ACROSTIC.

In Memory of the sad fate of the Emigrant Ship, Northfleet, with the brave young Captain of it, who had only been married six weeks, and who, with about three hundred persons, comprising whole families, was lost.

The ship was at anchor off Dungeness, and fully lighted, when she was run athwart by a ship on full steam, on the night of the 22nd of January, 1873, and went down in half an hour.

FIRST of brave seamen,—honoured Frederick Knowles!
Ready for death, amidst four hundred souls
Eager for life: perchance unfit to die;—
Death for himself he calmly could descry.
Earnest to save the weak, he took his stand:
"Rescue the women! Leave the boats for them:
I'll shoot the man who enters!" Nought could stem
Crazed frenzied creatures, in the desperate strife,
Knowing the battle was for very life.

Kindly he puts away the bride-wife's prayer;
Now he commits her to his boatswain's care.
O well for him! he died a hero's death!
While few surviving draw their trembling breath.
Life, be it long or short, how quickly o'er!
Each struggling spirit but one death-pang bore.
Shuddering, three hundred lost, we now deplore.

January 27th, 1873.

ACROSTIC.

In Memory of Samuel Frederick Brand, a Railway Engineer, aged twenty-three years, who was lost on the night of January 22nd, 1873.

The "Megæra" ran into "the Northfleet" emigrant ship, as she rode at anchor off Dungeness, and then left the crew and passengers, about four hundred in number, to perish. The ship went down in half an hour. The boats were swamped by the crowd of emigrants.

SADLY we think of that disastrous night,—
A careless watch, a crash, an impious flight:
Megæra, name of evil, at full speed,
Unaiding the cleft vessel in her need.
Evoked by the collision, dreadful cries,
Like those of drowning multitudes, arise.

Frenzy hath seized the strong, despair the weak;
Ruin, o'er-shadowing death, hath paled each cheek!
Even then, while selfish aim hath numbers bound,
Dauntless, the brave young engineer was found
Employing all his powers to quell the strife,
Resolved to quit the captain but with life.
Inspiriting the faithful and the few,
Cheering them on their labours to renew,
Knowing their vessel doomed, to duty true.

"Brave seamen, listen to the Master's call!
Refrain from seizing on the boats at all,
And give the women chances!" But in vain:
None but the bride-wife could a seat attain!
Death found those fearless men without a stain.

1874.

—o—

SONNET.

In Memoriam. January 2nd, 1874.

FORGIVE us, Father, if absorbing grief
Lead us in anywise away from Thee:
Engrossed with thoughts of our deep agony
May mingle murmurs at Thy dread decree.

If Thou, O gracious Saviour, grant relief,
No pang nor loss will burden us with fear:
Guard us from holding aught we have too dear,
But shield us if the conflict be severe!

Leave us a blessing, Father, we entreat,
And perfect in us that Thou hast begun:
Chasten or comfort while our race we run.

Kindle our hope before Thy mercy-seat,
Enable us by faith Thy love to see,
Resting not till we grasp eternity.

March 17th, 1874.

In Memoriam.

March 2nd, 1875, aged nearly nineteen years, after one day's illness.

HEAR, Lord, the anguished parents' piercing cry!
Upbraid them not, though groans should rend the sky;
Grief upon grief in quick succession press:
How hard for them to bear such loneliness!

How hard it is to part with treasures given,
Even to yield them to the bliss of heaven!
None but those bosoms which have felt a blow
Rending their hearts, can sympathy bestow.
Yet Jesus lives: He loves beyond all other,—

Better than any,—better than a mother.
Let us seek prayerfully His grace to heal,
And doubt not but He will Himself reveal,
Chasing each cloud of unbelief away,
Keeping His promise to give peace alway,
Even His "strength, according to our day,"
Ready to be our Refuge, Rock, and Stay.

March 24th, 1875

—o—

From one bereaved Mother to another, on the Death of her only Child.

HELPLESS we bow before Thy heavy stroke,
And broken-hearted fain would wear Thy yoke;
Rescued by death from death, we life attain,
Redeemer, Saviour, by Thy blessed name.
Yearning our lost and loved, can we from tears refrain?

Where dwell our precious ones? Let faith reply,—
In love's embrace, enfolded safe they lie,
List'ning in rapture to heaven's highest strain,
Swelling the praises of our King. In vain
Our minds pursue these thoughts: God hath concealed,
Nor let us seek to scan what grace hath not revealed.

March 17th, 1871.

On my dying Nephew, the Rev. Robert W. Mulvany, Curate of Battle, Kent.

"O Death, where is thy sting?"

REST is near, how very near me,
Only spirits bless'd can know;
But the tired flesh is weary:
End this conflict,—let me go!
Ready, eager for my summons,
Take me from this night of woe.

Whisper praises for the mercies
Every moment brings to view,
Late and early, sleeping, waking,
Like the soft-distilling dew.
A rich promise from my Saviour,
Now an inward peace supplied;
Doubt is over, fear is conquered: love and joy are multiplied!

Make my death, oh Lord, a blessing,
Unfolding like a new-born flower:
Light progresses, life is waning,
Vanished, like a summer shower.
All my manifold transgressions
Now are buried ocean-deep,
Yet my soul, a treasured jewel, Christ, my Lord, will safely keep.

Abiit in Cælum, September 2nd, 1866. Aetat 27. August 19th, 1866

A Year since my last Grief.

COMPLAINT.

HOW wearily the months have sped,
And yet it seems a little while:
Now I recall thy winning smile,—
Now hear thy pleasant voice, beguile
An anxious look. Earth's joy has fled,—
Hope fails: my darling's with the dead!

CONSOLATION.

"Wrestle with temptation, mother!
Read God's providence aright:
A better blessing out of sight
Than ever in thine arms thou press'd,
Is proffered in this high behest!
Shrink not from suffering: drink the cup He drained.
Lean on that mighty One, who Christ sustained
Amid life's anguish and death's agony,
Who bore it all, that He might comfort thee!"

December, 1871.

In Memoriam.

HELP me, O Lord, to yield my will to Thine,
And my best treasures to that will resign;
Nor let me mourn too deeply this event,
Nor rashly deem it in fierce anger sent:
A proof of needful discipline to me,—
How full of tenderest love, my child, to thee!

When I embrace my lost and loved again,
Rescued from anguish, fear, and every pain,
Amid the countless multitudes, who throng
Those heavenly courts, and raise one grateful song,
I, too, shall magnify the love which shed
Storms of bereavement on my aching head;
Led me from earthly ties, to seek to share
A home in Heaven,—within those mansions fair
Which our loved Saviour left us to prepare.

January, 1872.

ACROSTIC.

To a former Pastor now laid aside by illness.
August 25th, 1873.

The Venerable Archdeacon Pollock died October 11th, 1873, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was seized with paralysis in August, 1870, which deprived him of the use of his right hand, and almost of speech. During his illness he wrote a volume of poems with his left hand.

WHAT boon would'st thou desire to obtain
In this thy day of discipline and woe?
Left helpless, weary, on thy couch of pain,
Lessons in patient meekness thou wilt show!

I, who have learned of thee, in happier hour,
And heard thee demonstrate God's Word with power,
Must mourn this sad withdráwal of thy dower.

Priceless the wisdom brought to many a heart
Of sterile soil, by grace obtained through thee!
Let grateful souls endeavour to impart
Loving assurance of their sympathy.

Oh, mayest thou have abounding Faith, to see
Changeless unfathomed love in this decree,—
Kindness, embracing thy whole family!

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—JAMES i. 27.

OUR God and Father hears, with pitying love,
The wailing cries He could at once remove.
He wants no help of ours for those in need;
But He approves of those who intercede,—
Who try to raise the fallen, feed the faint,
And lend a patient ear to each complaint;
Who bind the broken-hearted,—are not slow
To own a brother in each child of woe:
Yet mark the steps where vice to misery led,
Watchful the pure strait path of truth to tread.

1868.

In Memory of James Grant, Esq., of Banagher.

He died December 13th, 1864, in his sixty-eighth year. Annie Grant, his second daughter, was nineteen years old in May, 1866, and she died of consumption on the 16th of the June following.

A WIDOW wept the husband of her youth,—
Not bitter tears, as those who have no hope;
No fear for him: he lived and loved the truth!
In the same path their father's feet had trod:
Early his children learned to love their God.

Graceful and gracious, one,—her mother's pride,
Richly adorned with charms of mind and face,
Attained the love of all,—gained in each heart a place.
No time was given to cheer an earthly home,
The Master's voice she hears: "Behold, I come!"

August 2nd, 1874.

—o—

In Memory of Louisa Grant.

She died of typhoid fever in Dublin, after one month's illness, on June 3rd, 1873, aged twenty-one years.

LOVELY and loved, another child was reared;
Out of the depths of grief joy reappeared.
Unfolding like a flower to the sun,
In vigorous health and strength her youth begun:
Short period of peace and pleasant dreams;
A stealthy foe glides in to blast our schemes.

Gentle at first the stroke: but little pain,
Restless and weary days and hours remain,
And failing strength proves all our care is vain.
Now she is blest, and we in anguish wait
Till we are called to pass within the gate.

August 2nd, 1874.

ACROSTIC.

To the Rev. Hugh McNeile, Dean of Ripon, on the loss of his Son, James Daniel, in the river Ure, about six miles from Ripon, whither he had gone for the purpose of fishing, on Monday morning, August 31st, 1874. Aged thirty-nine years.

HOW many sympathizing hearts now rise
Unto the throne of grace in prayer for thee,
God only knows; and He will hear those sighs,
Heaven-ward breathed forth, in this calamity.

May the Divine disposer of all care,
A balm into thy stricken breast convey,
Console and comfort thee on this dark day,—

Nerve thee and thine this heavy cross to bear;
Enabling each their sorrow to sustain,
In trustful expectation that the pain
Love hath appointed them will prove their gain,—
Even a seed of good, which ever shall remain.

September 4th, 1874.

—o—

ACROSTIC.

On a successful and beloved Indian Lady-Missionary, who was lost in the night from a boat in which she was crossing a branch of the river Ganges, June, 1873.

"And they that be teachers (margin) shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.' —DANIEL xii. 3.

LORD, we will try to bow to Thy decree, enveloped
as it is in mystery.
Out of the mists of doubt and dread despair Thou
drew our teacher to a life of prayer,
Until her only joy on earth became to teach benighted
souls her Saviour's name:
It was "her meat and drink" to do Thy will,—exhausted
nature would be working still.
She had the wisdom and the will, combined, of leading
to the Light the heathen mind.
A "heart of unbelief" God took away: granted her
prayer,—her vows she did repay.

Grace, more than gifts, we trace in her career. She gave
herself to Him she held most dear:
One single aim, one self-denying end,—her all in His
sweet service she would spend!
Much prayer, much love, much toil, for souls she gave;
following His steps who died our souls to save:
Ever a loving sympathizing friend, with skill to counsel
and the truth commend.
Zenana mission-work will speak her praise, better than any
tablet we can raise.

January 12th, 1874.

ACROSTIC.

In Memory of a beloved Nephew, who died at Arlington, Florida, whither he had gone for his health, April 15th, 1875.

CHEERING companion, quiet, humourous, quaint,
How sharp a pang thy death gives many a heart!
All that ennobles man thou could'st impart,—
Replete with sympathy: but no complaint
Led thee thy own heart's anguish to reveal.
Ever an earnest friend, still prompt to feel
Sorrow for others woes,—and where thou could'st, to heal.

Death robbed thee early of a noble friend,
And the whole aspect of thy life was changed:
Wherefore this blight, which all thy plans deranged?
Sorrow sits silent: hope's delusions end!
On thy blithe spirit grief hath set her seal,
Nor to one breast did'st thou thy mind reveal.

Sadden'd, not sullen, gentle, brave, and true:
How generous thou wert, how genial, kind;
Albeit pensive, witty, yet refined!
Nobly thy toilsome way thou did'st pursue,
Looking far onward till life's ills were past,
Yearning for rest, home, love: all gained at last!

September, 1875.

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Not one sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father. Fear not, ye are of more value than many sparrows."—MATTHEW x. 30, 31.

LET not thy sad heart tremble, though bitter is thy grief,—
Him would'st thou fain resemble who came for thy relief?
Go to thy Father lowly, and plead with Him in prayer:
Cease not to ask thy Saviour to save thee from despair.

No need to speak thy anguish nor utter all thy woe;
He seeth thy faith languish: Lord, greater faith bestow!
He knoweth those who trust Him and on His Word rely:
His promise is unfailing, His love can never die.

May 27th, 1877.

—o—

ACROSTIC.

In Memory of the eldest child and only Daughter of Capt. Henry Kelsall, who entered into rest on January 4th, 1872, after an illness of seven days, aged six years and four months.

A YEAR ago our hearts were tuned to joy,
List'ning to catch the angels' hymn of praise,
In midnight stillness on the faithful ear
Chanting the entrance of "the day of days."
In blessed Christian homes both old and young
Attune their voice to raise the Christmas song.

How fondly does grief linger with the past!
Our memory dwells upon the loving face
Pass'd e'en for ever from our warm embrace:
Earth hides our best beloved,—earth holds us fast.

Kindred now greet her on the other shore,
Entered before her on those realms of bliss.
Life's painful discipline how quickly o'er!
Safe home, sweet child: what comfort is in this!
Another Christmas-tide is dawning now:
Let us endeavour to put grief away,
Laying our burdens down on that peace-giving day.

December 21st, 1872.

ACROSTIC.

To a Mother, on the Death of her only surviving Boy, after an illness of twenty-four hours.

THE Saviour looked upon a little child:
He saw and loved him, and He called him home;
On life's rough path he would not have him roam.
Misguided love upon the dangers smiled,
And would at any cost have kept him here,
So that she need not part from one so dear.

How shall we speak to comfort the torn soul?
Amid the disappointment and the grief
Man feels the anguish, but sees no relief,—
Mistakes the means applied to make him whole.
O Lord, Thy blessèd Word assurance gives,—
"No chastening for the present joyous seems."
Death's vale is dark: beyond true brightness beams!

January 9th, 1873.

—o—

ACROSTIC.

In Affectionate Remembrance of Major Henry Kelsall, H.M. 16th Regiment, who died in Dublin, October 20th, 1874, aged thirty-eight years.

HEAVENWARD and onward: let us run the race!
Each passing year is breaking many a chain
Not to be linked or bound on earth again.
Reflection travels to the realms of space,
Yearning to greet again the forms we love,
Knowing they dwell with "Righteousness" above.
Eyes weary, worn with watching and with pain,
Long for the peaceful rest of those they weep,
Sadly rejoicing in their blessèd sleep.
A few short days of pilgrimage remain:
Leave to our Father's will the time of rest,
Love ruleth all thy hours,—His time is best!

December 22nd, 1874.

ACROSTIC.

To a Mother made joyful by a Letter from a beloved Son while on a voyage for his health.

WHAT an unlooked-for blessing you have found!
As the slow year sped its accustomed round
Love conjured up a thousand dreams of sorrow,
Thrilling thy soul with torture for the morrow:
Each boisterous wind, each echo of a storm,
Raised up an image of that cherished form,
Sick, lonely, ill at ease, with none to share
The heartache that young life is doomed to bear;
Until the long suspense, like nightmare, pressed
Round the home circle, saddening every breast.
God marked the anguish,—saw the unbidden tear,—
Ended the grief: love's messenger is here!
Oh, then, let grateful adoration raise
No sound but one harmonious hymn of praise!

December 28th, 1874.

In Memoriam.

"We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. — Acts xiv. 22.

TRUE faith will bear the furnace, though it be
Heated beyond what nature can endure!
Oh grace Divine, thy children dwell secure,—
Marvels of peace, when only death is sure;
And whatsoever anguish rends their breast,
Still trust their Saviour's word, and have His rest.

Leave all to Him who bruiseth but to heal;
Enter with Him the chamber of your heart,
And shut the door: commune with Him alone,—
'Tis unbelief sends forth that piteous moan.
Healing must spring from out His glorious throne,
E'en from that love the world hath never known.
Rest for the weary, solace for each smart,
Breath to the panting soul, He doth impart:
A time of peril is His time of power,
Richest in consolation in Death's hour.
Review time past,—goodness and mercy twined!
On to life's close may we that mercy find,
Which, for believing sinners, God designed.

Joy cometh. Lo the resurrection morn!
Only one glorious theme pervadeth space:
Nearer and louder swells the harmonious song,—
Even the praises of that countless throng,
Sharing the blissful honours of that place. July, 1872

To the Rev. D. Holden on the loss of two lovely Children by scarlet fever.

Emily, on June 15th, 1872, after one week's illness, aged fifteen years.
George, on August 21st, 1872, after four weeks' suffering, aged seven years.

GONE before: not lost for ever,—
Emily and George together.
Only wait "the little while:"
Rest in faith. Let hope beguile
Grief, till grateful joy shall spring
Even from death's dark shadowing.

How hard it is to realize
Our dear ones' portion in the skies!
Lord of all might, on us bestow
Delighting visions here below;
Enable us their bliss to see,
Nor doubt our own bright destiny.

October 29th, 1872.

—o—

ACROSTIC.

In Memory of an Infant, addressed to her Mother.

EVERLASTING is thy gain,—
Dead to sorrow, sin, and pain,
Infant of a few brief days,

That through eternity shall praise
Him who is "Love" in all His ways.
A mother's heart had asked for thee
Much blessing in futurity,
Yet little dreamed it thus would be!

Hush'd be each rebellious sigh,
Every tear-drop quickly dry:
Rich the consolation given,—
Born on earth to bloom in heaven!
Ever verdant, ever bright,
Radiant as the source of light,
Through virtue of the Saviour's might.

Fain would the eye of faith behold
Life-like, the forms she loved of old,
Around their King in glory press,
Having His robe of righteousness.
Eye hath not seen nor voice revealed
Rich joys within the veil concealed:
The heaven-taught soul, with earnest face,
Yearns for admittance to that blissful place.

December 7th, 1871.

—o—

In Memory of a lovely and engaging Child, who died of diptheria, August 12th, 1871, aged six years.

A voice from heaven to loved ones on earth.

NEVER think of me with sadness:
Evermore a theme of gladness!
Lifted higher than the spheres,
Living above hopes and fears,
I, nor shed, nor witness tears:
Endless joys my portion ever.

Bought by Jesus, nought can sever
Little Nellie from His love,
In this glorious world above.
Nearer, and yet nearer press:
Keep in view His righteousness;
Hold His hand, His foot-prints mind,
On your hearts His precepts bind.
Reach upward, onward,—till, the conflict o'er,
No death between us, we embrace once more!

December 13th, 1871

Addressed to a Mother, on the Death of a second Child named Edith, and several older and departed loved ones.

EVEN so, Father: let Thy wisdom roll
Darkness and desolation o'er my soul
In waves of sorrow; only be Thou here,
To speak unto my spirit words of cheer:
"Harm cannot reach thee, for my help is near.

"Many afflictions thou hast had to bear,
And many wounds,—proof of my loving care;
But all are working out thy destined good:
Each has its mission, not yet understood.
Learn to cast off distrust, cherish a brighter mood.

"Fear not, for I am with thee, O my child!
Love shall sustain thee through the thorny wild;
And, 'mid the furnace, thou my face shall see.
Hold firm thy faith: my shield shall cover thee.
Exult for many of thy loved ones gone,—
Removed, ere they the ills of life had known.
Trust, and fear not, though dark clouds came between
Youth's early dawn and manhood's closing scene."

August 1st, 1874.

Lines in loving Remembrance of an only Daughter, who died on November 29th, 1876, aged nine years, of malignant scarlet fever.

MARY, thou wert a bonny child, and brave,—
Ardent in action; vigorous every look,
Reflective too. As wandering by the brook
Your little feet were stayed, when questioned, "Why
Rested your eyes within that shady nook?
Is it a flower, or insect you would save?
Come, Trottie, tell us what attracts your gaze!"
How were we struck with wonder and amaze
At her prompt answer! for she said, "The brook
Runs on, and on, however long I look!"*
Dear infant, loving truth, and would obey it.
"Say this for me, Trot."—Something she was told.—
On this her childish tongue at once grew bold:
"No: 'tis not true; and I will never say it!"

December 10th, 1876.

A Mother's Reflections after the Death of her only Boy, a most engaging Child, from scarlet fever.

"COULD I but yield my will, O Lord, to Thine!
How slowly does my anguished heart resign!
At times I own Thy will is right and best;

* Her remarks were made when about six years of age.

Refrains each murmur at Thy stern behest,
Lies down in deep submission, 'hears the rod,'
Endures the chastening as sent by God;
Yet grieves to need to bear so hard a load.

"Joy fills my breast, my boy, for thee! Thy conflict's o'er;
Only for my great loss this heart is sore,—
Emblem of withered leaves: crushed, dead, for evermore."

CONSOLATION.

Wait awhile! Another spring,
Even to thee, fresh hopes will bring.
Love Divine, beguiling woe,—
Love is brooding o'er thee now;
And a healing stream will flow,
Never ceasing o'er thee, ever:
Doubt, dismay, shall touch thee, never!

1868.

In Memory of a little Girl, who had been fading away for some months, and Died on May 19th, just after the birth of a Brother, 1876.

ENABLE us, O Lord, to see Thy love, in garnering
our precious ones above!
Like flowers they blossomed here a few short hours:
Thy care has placed them in enduring bowers.

In grief we marked them fading day by day: health,
vigour gone,—then premature decay.
Zephyrs of healing came not at our will: yet while we
weep we would be patient still.
A tender hand corrects, and lays us low; but loving-
kindness mitigates the blow,
Bestowing a new life for one He takes,—and thankful joy
within each bosom wakes;
Engaging us to yield Him higher praise, as He unfolds
the marvel of His ways.
That which is hidden from the worldly-wise, is clearly
shown to faith's enlightened eyes.
Help us when dangers press, or doubts arise; shield with
Thy love, and quell each dread surmise.

Teach us to profit by each message sent into our hearts
or homes; each sad event
Receiving humbly,—gratefully each sorrow; and it may
blossom into joy to-morrow.
Yet while we journey through this vale of tears, strength
must be sought to rise above all fears.
Grace, in sufficient measure, will be given, if for that
grace we earnestly have striven.
And at the last, life's weary journey o'er, where conflicts
cease and fears assail no more,
Rest may be ours, and bliss, full and complete: God's
gift to all who worship at His feet.
Nor shall we cease to own on that blest day, that no real
good from us He took away.

ACROSTIC.

Written in sympathy with His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, on the 24th of January, 1875, when he was thought to be dangerously ill.

PSALM cxix.

"LORD, I have looked to Thee for saving health;"
Even to Thee, who knoweth all my ways.
O teach my poor imperfect heart to praise!
Praise Him, my soul, for everlasting wealth.
"O quicken me, according to Thy Word!"
Lead Thou me on, and brighter views afford
Daily of Him, my ever-living Lord.

Give thanks, my soul, for this frail tenement;
Even in childhood kept from vigorous play.
Oh, but for me there dawns a brighter day,—
Radiant with sun-less light! This earthly tent
Goes whence it came; nor should it cost one sigh:
Earth soon will hide the space where it will lie!

"Do well unto Thy servant:" show Thy power
Upon this yet rebellious heart of mine.
"No good thing dwells in me:" all good is Thine!
Called to be separate by a gracious dower,—
A discipline of weakness, silence, pain,
Not to be weighed with an eternal gain.

A blessèd father in that brighter land,
Living amongst the ransomed Christ set free;
Beloved ones, not yet called to pass the sea,
Earnestly longing for the heaven-girt strand,
Rise all before me,—as I watch and wait,
Trusting ere long to pass the heavenly gate.

January 24th, 1875.

—o—

SONNET.

Addressed to a much-afflicted Friend.

WHOM the Lord loveth, He oft chasteneth sore;
And in this precious truth you should feel blest:
Laden with dread, with anxious care opprest,
Take all your burden unto Him, and rest.

Each heart hath its own bitterness: its store
Resembling life,—with joys, and griefs, and pains;
Some sunny memories, some cherished gains.
'Twere happy for us if it held no stains.

Until the soul is to sweet union wrought,
Relying on God's wisdom and His will,
Grace cannot reign, nor His designs fulfil.

Earnestly crave the discipline which brought
Out of death's slumber living souls, and free;
Nor dread the Master's skill to perfect thee.

1874.

On a very lovely Child, who Died in St. Helen's, about 1832.

LIKE a beam of the sun's ray was our Millie when at play;
Like a flower our blossom grew, each day lovelier to our view.
A peerless pearl to us was given:
A priceless gem, direct from heaven!
Long years have passed since her bright eye
And rosy mouth smiled joyously.
Her breath was as the breath of spring,
Amid the wild-flowers revelling;
Her ringing laugh, brimful of glee,
Like sun-beams dancing on the sea:
But oh, her loving sympathy
Out shone her other charms with me!

There was no illness, no decay:
In childhood's bloom she passed away.
A sudden pang, a noiseless sleep,
And bitter tears that house-hold weep.
"Had she been spared," her father said,
"He gladly would have begged his bread,
If through the land that child he led!"

On my Birthday.

ANOTHER year has passed, and I
Before another year may die:
How shall I *then* be found,—
A verdant plant, a living tree,
Producing fruit abundantly,
Or cumbering the ground?

Yet, Lord, I strive, or think I do,
To keep the end of life in view,—
To walk by faith on earth.
Oh teach me in simplicity
To render all I have to Thee!
My all is nothing worth.

On every gift inscribe Thy name:
"Lent by the Lord." From Thee they came,
My honesty to try.
When Thou return'st to claim Thine own,
Let every seed Thy love has sown
Of grace yield a supply.

1843.

—o—

To a bereaved Mother.

ISAIAH xl. 11.

LAID on the Saviour's tender breast,
Thy little darling now hath rest.
The heavenly Shepherd with His arm
Hath compassed him, and safe from harm
Hath gathered him within the fold.
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
Nor blight, nor sickness can annoy,
Nor lurking enemy destroy
The tenderest lamb, or weakest sheep,
Whom the Good Shepherd deigns to keep.
Oh, glorious record! Not in vain
The shortest life, if death be gain,
And the same power which gave thy breath,
Redeemed thee from the curse of death.
Thus, blessèd child, without one fear
We look upon thy little bier,
Rejoicing that thy race is run,
And thy immortal life begun.

January, 1846.

Written in the character of a young Girl, who for years had been confined to her couch by rheumatism.

"MANY depressing thoughts flit by,
As wakeful on my bed I lie!
Rest, rest I crave, from wearing pain:
Give to Thy servant health again!
Ah, could I be as I have been,
Running as blithely o'er the green,—
Enjoying life in hope's gay light,
The present, as the future, bright!

"Jealously now I note each day,
And watch my spring-time fade away:
No useful aid, or help I give,
Engrossing others care, I live."

A fellow-sufferer hears thy silent moan,
Nor leaves to bear thy burden all alone,
Speaks to thy spirit thus: "Loved child, attend;
Deem thy Redeemer is thy truest Friend,
Engaged to land thee safe through rugged ways.
Loved, and yet chastened all thy youthful days,
Live, by thy cheerful suffering, to His praise."

November 12th, 1863.

ACROSTIC.

Written whilst unable to move, in consequence of a painful Accident.

EACH hour of suffering and pain
Let not Thy servant live in vain.
Ills are not evils to deplore; but
Zephyrs, wafting to that shore
All hope at length to gain.

Mine be the chastened soul, that tries
Upon the wings of faith to rise.
Loosed from the bands which bind the strong,
Veiled from temptations of the throng,
A better heritage is given,—
Not broken cisterns,—flowing streams,
Yielding a fruit surpassing youth's bright dreams.

October, 1863.

—o—

How may we best live a Christian life?

MANY are called to labour night and day,
And through the weary hours to watch and pray,
Rising at midnight or by break of day.
I have no faith in penance Church-enforced,
And piety which must be priest-endorsed:

Cold formal service, a successive round,
Holding from youth to age the spirit bound.
Religion, real religion, best is seen
In following the track where Christ hath been;
Seeking to do His will, whate'er it be,
Through daily care, or watchful ministry.
If each disciple keep her Lord in view,
No flower-strewn path she's called on to pursue:
A life of self-denial, self-restraint,
Trains her to live to God, and not to faint
Over the ills of life, though hard to bear:
Unkenned by mortal ear God hears thy prayer!
Light in thy darkness He will oft bestow;
Ministering spirits will relieve thy woe.
In teaching "God is love" live out thy days;
Nor to the last sing any song but praise.

December 15th, 1874.

—o—

ACROSTIC.

In Memory of Sir Arthur Helps, who Died after a short illness on March 7th, 1875, and was interred in the family vault in Streatham Churchyard.

A LOVED instructor too soon passed away,
Round whom our happy recollections play:
Truths many he discussed in such sweet tone,
His "Friends in Council" grew to be our own.
Upright, consistent, life with words agree:
Rare judgment was combined with modesty.

His was a prosperous and a pure career:
Ever a genial friend, a man sincere,—
Love flowed to him from those he held most dear.
Praised by the noblest on an earthly throne,
Still higher meed shall greet him with, "Well done!"

March, 1875.

—o—

"And they that be teachers (margin) shall shine as the stars," etc.—
DANIEL xii. 3.

EACH day an arduous round of duty brings.
Life might be irksome, but that pleasure springs
In training childhood up for noble things.
Zeal to spread true religion fired thy soul,
And youthful saints for heaven thou would'st enrol.
But grace and riches rarely are allied:
Earth's wealthiest sons are doubly linked with pride.
'Tis the old tale: prosperity is gay!
"Hushed be all croaking, and put cant away!"

Victory, for science won, is shouted high!
In gentler tones let earnest Faith reply.
Consider who hath called thee to the race:
To Him be all the glory and the grace.
Oh, do not grieve, though near the parting day!
Rest on the word no truth can pass away.
In God's own time the scattered grain will shoot,
And this sad seed-time shall produce much fruit.

Whithersoe'er thy lot in life be cast,
A work thou hast to do,—how great, how vast!
Love will surround thee,—love, thy steps attend;
Love will provide an ever-faithful friend!
If in times future we no more should meet,
Surely we may before the mercy-seat.

October 30th, 1874.

—o—

ACROSTIC.

To a Friend on his seventy-fifth Birthday.

I DO desire
On thee should rest alway
His best of gifts, who giveth every day,
Nor with stint hand,—though we can ne'er repay.
Could I unfold the treasures of His grace,
All that this world calls great would fade away,—
Sunshine is gloom beside the Saviour's face!
Embrace His covenant, and death flees for aye.
Youth, health, and joys remain,—which never can decay.

—o—

Reflections of a Mother after the Death of a beautiful Boy, aged nearly thirteen months.

JUST as a bud expands into a flower,
Our eyes with rapture marked each embryo grace:
Hallowed remembrance dwells on thy bright face,
No longer gladdening our domestic bower.
Chosen of God, ere stain of actual sin
Entered his soul to mar that image fair,
Cecil was called to dwell with angels,—there,
In heaven, where nought impure can enter in.
Loved, merry infant, what thou wert to me
Even to thy father I can ne'er unfold!
Veiled mystery,—I keep, like her of old,
Entwined within my heart of hearts,—till we
Rise to rejoin thee when our race is run.
Enable us to tread the heavenly way
Till shadows vanish in the perfect day
Through conquering Faith in God's eternal Son.
Earth's most prized gift we meekly would resign:
Vain effort, till attained by aid Divine.
Assured that now my darling boy is blest,
Nor pang, nor fear can break that blissful rest,—
Selfish the sorrow if we yet repine.

December 26th, 1875.

In Memoriam.

ENABLE us, resigned, to lift our eyes,—
Life-long beloved ones gone! Let Faith arise
Intent to praise for every trouble sent,
Zealous to profit by each sad event
A Father's wisdom has ordained, to show
Blessing may spring from seasons of deep woe.
Each plant designed to flourish in God's field,
Through His wise culture will fruition yield
Hereafter, when the golden grain is sealed.

Who can appreciate another's grief,
Inspire submission, or bestow relief?
Leave all to Him who knoweth when to spare,
Lightens our anguish, or gives strength to bear.
In Christian annals evil ne'er prevailed,
And grace hath triumph'd, though at times assailed:
Mercy will crown the remnant of our days
Spent with desire to live them to God's praise.

July, 1875.

—o—

Lines on the Death of Malibran.

Written at Waltham Terrace.

THERE'S not a blossom which the garden yields
But has some beauty: injured it may be,
By blight, or worm, or nipped by cruel frost.
E'en so each plant predestined by the Lord
To deck His courts above, has beauty now,
Which will be perfected by grace hereafter.

The world is one vast concert-room, in which to sound
The praise of Him whom heaven cannot contain;
And countless pulses beat in unison
With the full tide of song by love poured forth.
Now is the ear regaled, the mind refreshed
With the delightful melody; yet doth the spirit mourn
The scarceness of that best, most winning gift,—
The grace of charity. The veil of love will not be needed long
To cover her, whose strains have either won our envy or our praise.

One of the richly-gifted has been summoned,
Too soon for us, to join the choir above,
And leaves in many a heart a vacant place.
Yet there are none so poor in gifts and grace
As not to be the centre of delight to some around them.
Yes, there are always some who love our voices,
And deem them music, and will miss their tones
When hushed on earth for ever.

The Christian brotherhood on earth we liken to stars, for multitude,
Though not for beauty: their brightness darkened by the mists of earth.
Yet through the opening clouds there sometimes beams
A stream of living light, reflected from the Sun of Righteousness,
To show us what we might be.

1848, or 1850.

On a beautiful Child, who Died of inflammation of the lungs, aged six years and ten months.

MARY, thou wert thy parents' joy and pride.
All who beheld thee owned the signs of grace
Revealed in every action. Thy sweet face
Youthful intelligence at once supplied.

Heavenly her aspect: Nature's favoured child!
A mantling blush spread o'er rosy cheek
Soon as her parted lips began to speak:
Living to love,—a blossom undefiled.
Enjoying music,—showing wondrous skill,
Day after day yet sweeter sounds she drew.
Earnest in all, she practised what she knew;
Nor looked for praise,—doing her father's will.

November, 1876.

—o—

In Affectionate Remembrance of dear Lizzie R., who died on November 22nd, 1876, after long illness, aged fourteen years.

THE dying girl, ere yielding up her breath,
A sister's token of her love in death
Made for her brother. 'Twas a little card
Illuminated,—and the work was hard
With her short breathing, and uneasy frame;
was finished ere his birthday came.

And a small frame she manufactured too,
To hold the card. "There, Joseph: it must do!
Though not well done, my little gift you'll take,
And value it for your own Lizzie's sake!"
Her spirit fled before the week was o'er,
And Joseph's birthday came in three days more.
He has on earth no sister now, nor brother:
Wishing to cheer his sad heart, spake his mother,—
"I'll get you for your card a lovely frame,
And underneath we'll write our darling's name!"
A lovelier frame of beauty had bereft it:
"I'd rather have it just as she has left it!"

December, 9th, 1876.

—o—

In Memoriam.

June 30th, 1874. *Aged thirty-nine years.*

JOYFULLY aiming with a pastor's skill, to teach,
console, or curb the froward will,
As strength with meekness were combined in thee
greatly attractive proved thy ministry.
Manifold were the gracious gifts which drew thy spirit
unto Him,—the Just, the True:
Earth gave thee many joys, endearing ties. Hallowed and
valued by the good and wise,
So pass'd thy youth: ere life's meridian came, it found
thee well-beloved, with honoured name.

Conspicuous for beauty, strength, and grace, my memory
loves those lineaments to trace,—
Only too perfect: Nature broke the mould, in which thy
classic features were enrolled.
Let us now turn life's darker phase to view: death very
nigh thee, pain and weakness too;
But these were shadows which could not destroy the
Christian's hope, his peace, his trust, his joy.
Yet in our selfish sorrow we repine, that bliss untold,—
unmeasured bliss,—is thine.

November 14th, 1875.

"Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst."—MATTHEW viii. 2.

"LORD, if Thou wilt, Thou canst." Thy power I know
Can heal all sickness, and relieve all woe.
Thou knowest all my heart-ache; but I dare
Not ask Thy wisdom and Thy love to spare,
Lest my impatience and solicitude
Should, in presumptuous ignorance, intrude
On what would issue in the highest good.

Merciful Saviour, heaven-born faith bestow!
Upon our loved ones cause Thy peace to flow!
Lead them unto Thyself: Thy secret * show.
Vain wishes, vain pursuits, mere earthly toys
Are swallowed up in more abiding joys,—
Never desired, till the heart and mind
Yield God the fruit for which they were designed. 1874.

* PSALM XXV. 14.

In Memory of the six Children of Charles and Elizabeth Kinnersly, whom they laid in the Grave-yard of the Parish Church, Sutton, St. Helens, in the hope of being re-united to them in a blessed resurrection.

Joseph, born January 7th, 1861, died January 20th, aged thirteen days.
Sarah, born May 9th, 1865, died of diptheria, after twenty hours of suffering, aged three years.
Ann, born October 4th, 1859, died of scarlet fever on September 2nd, 1874, after an illness of twenty-four hours, aged fifteen years.
Mary, born August 5th, 1863, died of scarlet fever on September 6th, 1874, aged eleven years.
Jacob, born March 21st, 1871, died of scarlet fever on September 21st, 1874, aged three years.
Harriet, born August 11th, 1868, died of scarlet fever on October 3rd, 1874, aged six years.

ANN was our first-born treasure: dearly prized.
She had begun to lisp her father's name,
When, to fulfil our joy, a brother came,—
Our bonny Joseph; and we hoped to see
Him grow a blessing to the family:
But our hope vanished when we saw him lie
Convulsed and livid in dread agony.
God took him from us on his thirteenth day:
For He who gave might surely take away.

In two years more another child was given;
Mary we named her,—loveliest of our flowers:
But, trembling, we rejoiced to call her ours.
We thought of little Joseph,—and we knew
He who transplanted him might take her too;

And so we strove our strong wills to subdue.
Then came pet Sarah, born the ninth of May;
Intelligent and bright, too weak to play:
Our nursling we interred her third birthday.

In a few months, as if to fill her place,
A fourth girl, precious boon, our home enshrined:
Harriet our wounded hearts was sent to bind.
In three years more we owned another boy,
The cherished play-thing of each elder joy;
A merry group, where mirth was seldom coy:
We called him Jacob. All the household strove
To nurture him with little acts of love:
Bright were the visions we around him wove.

Another cycle of three years rolls on:
Four living children in our arms we press,
And well did they repay each warm caress!
Too sweet to last. Some neighbours' children died.
Our blooming Nan death's messenger espied;
She felt not well: within two days she died.
In four days more our darling Mary slept,
To wake no more on earth. No tears we wept;
But our sad hearts one constant vigil kept.

Fifteen long days and nights drag slowly on:
Alternate hope and fear our minds opprest,
Until our little Jacob sank to rest.
"Longing to go to Minnie," his soul fled:

And we would fain be with our silent dead!
Twelve more dread nights and days have pass'd and gone:
Harriet was taken last. So one by one
Departed; and since then we dwell alone.
Yet not alone, for God vouchsafes to bless,
And whispers comfort in our loneliness.

August 19th, 1875.

—o—

On a little Child who Died from the effects of scarlet fever on November 30th, 1868, aged four years and eleven months.

FEW mothers e'er possessed so sweet a boy.
Rich wavy locks drooped o'er his pensive face;
Even from birth he seemed a child of grace,
Destined to fill his parents' hearts with joy.
Each day his intellect became more bright:
Ready to give and to receive delight.
In all his play he was a thoughtful child;
Careful to please,—nor boisterous, nor wild:
Kindness to all he showed, scarcely by sin defiled.

Why came that illness which our hopes destroyed?
I loved my little treasure far too well!
Long years I've wept him, more than words can tell.
Lord, help me to submit: let me no more rebel!
I would become more trustful, hopeful, mild:
As I recall his winning words and ways
My heart and lips would gladly breathe forth praise.

Wondering, I heard that little heart rejoice,
In tuneful hymns raising his feeble voice.
Not fear, but love for me, drew forth that cry:
"Don't leave me, dear mamma!" My tears reply.
Until I join the circle round Thy throne,
Show me that love which marked him for Thine own!

August, 1874.

—o—

Scriptural Encouragement to Pray.

ASK largely—without limit—tell thy tale: *
Draw treasure from that bank which cannot fail.
"Ask, and it shall be given:" Christ † must prevail!
Jesus is all-sufficient for thy need;
On Him rely, ‡ who "ever lives to plead."
He bids the hungry soul to Him draw nigh, §
Nor doubt His Spirit will each want supply. ‖
Save, Lord, and hear Thy servants' humble cry!
"Only believe." ¶ Oh, put us not to shame!
Nor cast out those who trust and love Thy name. *

* "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—LUKE xi. 13.

† "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous."—1 JOHN ii. 1.

‡ "Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by Him, seeing that He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—HEBREWS vii. 25.

§ "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger."—JOHN vi. 35.

‖ "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, etc., and all these things shall be added unto you."—MATT. vi. 33.

¶ "Be not afraid, only believe."—MARK v. 36.

* "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN vi. 37.

October 25th, 1874.

A Clergyman's Soliloquy after mingling with the world.

WHAT should be every Christian's end and aim?
Is it sufficient that he bear Christ's name,—
Loitering his time away, till life be done,
Like insect sporting in the noon-day sun?
Implying that he owns no Master's bands,
And what he wills, he acts, or he withstands,
Making both null and void the Lord's commands.

Ah, could I always concentrate my powers,
Brighter and happier would be my hours!
Refreshed by heavenly dew, sent from above,
A heart enlarged to enjoy His gracious love,
Higher my aspirations would ascend,
And richer blessings on my steps attend,
Making my life one aim, one act, one end.

Minutes increase in value with our years.
Oh, that I could buy back the past with tears!
Choice moments, as they seemed; but now, how vain:
A sad and solemn heritage of pain!
This is my firm resolve,—made in the Lord,—
To live henceforth to Christ in heart and word;
And for my weapon take the Spirit's sword.

1863.

In Memoriam.

JUSTLY beloved: true, kind, and gracious ever;
Unlike the specious mask of vain endeavour.
Lovely thou wert. As daughter, sister, friend,
In action prompt to cheer, brave to defend;
Able and willing needful aid to lend.
Most sympathizing! Grief might long to rest
An aching heart upon that faithful breast.
Chiefly as wife and mother, winning praise
Beyond the tribute which mere words can raise.
Rich in contentment; mind and heart a treasure:
Yea, pleasing self the most when giving pleasure.
Death found thee ready: filled with faith and love,
Earthly endearments changed for bliss above.

February 2nd, 1876.

—o—

Intercession for a Lady of the Zenana Mission, India, who had asked for a Friend's Prayers.

FOR health for Thy young servant, Lord, we plead:
Living to spread the knowledge of Thy Word,
Oh let Thy truth, by willing hearts be heard!
Restrain the power of superstition's might,
Remove all barriers to the spread of Light;
Increase the Faith,—the strength of all who need;
Endue with Love all who Thy flock would feed.

Strengthen Thy handmaid all her work to do:
When she is weak, then let Thy strength renew.
Adapt the summer-heat to her tired frame,
Inspire each day new trust in Thy loved name;
Nor let her feel the heat her fears now dread,—
Send clouds and shade to shield her weary head.
On her Thy Spirit's powerful aid display,
Nor let her droop on India's hottest day.

February 4th, 1877.

—o—

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."—
LAMENTATIONS iii. 27.

INFINITE wisdom issued this decree,—
SALVATOR MUNDI, put Thy yoke on me!
Afflict me as Thou wilt: hold not Thy hand;
Baffle my schemes, my projects countermand.
Every long-cherished hope may be up-torn;
Laden with care I may awake each morn.
Let me through pain and anguish learn Thy ways,
And, though I be heart-broken, sing Thy praise.

Give me a list'ning ear, a loving heart,
Arm me with courage to sustain Life's smart.
Reflect in me that Light on which I gaze,
Dispel all doubts which harass and amaze.
No hand but Thine can every want supply:
Ever bestowing more abundantly
Rare gifts on those who seek them earnestly.

1870.

Self-communing of an Unbeliever, when ill of an incurable disease.

"HEALTH has departed: Life will end;
And I would meet Death as a friend.
Nature may shrink, and reason fail.
No: reason must and shall prevail!
Avaunt the fears which cowards prove:
Hell is a fiction!"—"God is Love!"

"But yet how strange it is: some clever minds
Receive the Bible as a book of truth,
And credence yield it from their early youth.
Numbers have suffered agony and shame,—
Death even, cruel death: for what?—A name!"
Redeemer, Saviour, lay the rebel low;
Enable her to realize her woe!
Turn upon her Thy dying look of love;
Haste to convince of sin, and to repentance move.

September, 1863.

—o—

A Prayer for the same.

HEALTH for the sin-sick soul, O God, bestow,
And guide to whence thine healing waters flow!
No earthly friend can aid, or help afford,—
Nor rest, nor peace can come, but from the Lord.
A weary load of guilt,—unpardoned sin,—
Hate of God's way of peace, close in the heart shut in.

"Blest is the man whose sin is put away,"
Remitted, justified by faith, in One
All-powerful to plead, all-mighty to atone!
Not an accuser now can venture near,
Demanding vengeance on God's broken law;
Robbed of his prey by Christ, he comes not here:
Even the Prince of darkness finds no flaw.
The title is complete: He who our sorrows bore
Hath ope'd Emanuel's land, to all believers, evermore.

October, 1863.

—o—

October 10th, 1874, at Townsville, North Queensland. John Brandreth Casey, formerly of St. Helen's, aged forty-six years.

IF "blessèd are the dead in Christ who sleep,"
Oh, sister dear, you have no cause to weep!
He whom you mourn in simple trust relied,
Nor doubted that for him Christ Jesus died.
Blest be the child-like faith in which he came,
Relying only on that precious name,
And resting upon Him, the living Lord:
No power can change or mar the written Word.
Death hath been slain for such: their Surety died.
Redeemed, washed, saved: by Jesus justified.
Earth's ties, though very dear, he calmly left
To the same faithful Friend himself hath kept.
Happy believer, magnify God's ways,

Called out of darkness to a life of praise!
And now he lives with those he loved of yore,—
Sister, and blest ones, who have gone before.
E'en death was brightened by God's promise free:
"Your widow and your orphans leave to Me!"

December 13th, 1874.

—o—

The Knell of Death.

Written in remembrance of the Deaths of two Friends, at the same hour, on October 10th, 1874, the one in Queensland, the other in Canada.

SICKNESS had bound the once-strong in his yoke.
Seven months in wasting weakness passeth by,
And Christian hope hath taught him how to die.

Death caught the youthful pilgrim by one stroke;
Active, in vigourous health, at twenty-three:
Nor warning voice, nor pang, nor fear had he.

The eternal day on each at once hath broke:
Both middle-aged and youth have passed away.
O Lord, prepare all us for that great day!

December, 17th, 1874.

In Loving Remembrance of Elizabeth, Relict of the Rev. Francis Kinkead, Curate of Ballina.

She died at Brighton on January 16th, 1877, after a Widowhood of nearly thirty years.

ENDED for thee the discipline of years.
Living above Life's sorrows and its fears,
In Faith triumphant, thou hast rest attained:
Zealous in following those who victory gained.
At death's first stroke thou shrank from heaven's decree;
But Love Divine was sent to comfort thee.
Enabled to look upward, through thy tears,
To blissful meeting after weary years,
How short now seems to thee thy widowed life!
Keeping the goal in view, no inward strife
Is suffered to impede thy spirit's flight,
Nor hide the brightness of heaven's living Light.
Kindle in us, O Lord, the same pure fire:
Earth's trammell's break, and lead us to aspire;
And when our daily watch and wrestling's o'er,
Death conquered, meet our loved,—to part no more.

January 28th, 187

SONNET.

On the Rev. Francis Kinkead.

FAITHFUL to thee, unchanging was her love;
Ready to tread life's mazes, or death's shore,
As should please God. He sent her sickness sore,—
Not unto death: thou shared all ills she bore.

Chastening was sweet, since it was made to prove,
In thy devoted care, allied to joy,—
Soothing each pang no skill could quite destroy,
Keeping Love's watch o'er all that might annoy.

In peace her soul remained. But crushing woe
Now was her portion: fever laid thee low,—
Killing each dream of happiness below.

E'en then the widowed mother strove to raise
A Christian household to her husband's praise:
Devotion true that widowed life displays.

January 25th, 1877.

—o—

A Letter from a Dying Mother.

MOTHER, dear mother!
What I am to thee,—
But more, far more,—I hope my child will be
When I am silent. All the love (I know)
And care once heaped on me, you will bestow

On the dear precious infant which I leave.
Let not thy daughter's wish her mother grieve:
But oh, I charge you,—earliest tenderest friend,—
To this, my prayer, my hope, my trust attend!
Let not my daughter tread the path I trod:
Train her not for the world, but for her God.

If, like her mother's, fair her form should be,
Look inward to the soul's depravity;
Loathsome and dark,—until the rays Divine,
Of heavenly grace, into its chambers shine.
Judge not by outward acts: for mine were fair;
Yet what a fount of secret guilt was there!
Oh, that self-scrutiny were early taught!
Accomplishments may be too dearly bought.
The world's applause to win was all my aim,
And the intoxicating vapour came.

School was the stage where we rehearsed each day
The part which each in life was meant to play.
I learned my lesson well. Alas, those hours
Of mis-spent time, and mis-directed powers!
Each posture studied whilst we kneel, and *say*,
"Turn Thou our eyes from vanity away!"
O baleful influence: a moral death
Seems to pervade all who inhale thy breath!
And shall a Christian to such noxious air
Expose the plant entrusted to her care?

I once had hoped,—vain wishes yet will rise,—
Myself might live to train her for the skies;
But all is in His hand whose wondrous might
Hath breathed into my soul, "Let there be light!"
Sorrow and suffering have illumed my mind;
The cords of vanity no longer bind:
I go in faith and hope. His Word is sure;
His truth and love for ever will endure.
All who His hidden wisdom would discern,
Unto the written Word with prayer must turn.
O seek for guidance there: in that rich ground
The pearl of price unspeakable I've found!

1839.

—o—

To the Rev. F. Wainwright, of St. John's Church, Altrincham, on the death of his only daughter, Ellen Maud, four years old, being scalded to death by falling into a bath of hot water, out of which she was trying to get a sponge, on the 7th of April, 1874. *She died on the 9th.*

EARNESTLY praying God will grant thee faith,
Lest this great trouble end in dark despair,
Let us, by sympathy, thy sorrow share:
Each child of earth at times has bitter care,—
Nor doubt His love who all our sickness bare.

May we trust Him in all things, without whom
"A sparrow cannot fall unto the ground;"
Upon His Word rely, when darkest doom
Destroys our hopes, and gives a life-long wound.

What though the blow seem needlessly severe,
And human nature asks why thus it be?—
Implying doubt of love in this decree,—
No further seek into this mystery.
When thou shalt know, as thou thyself art known,
Rich in the glory Christ hath bought for men,
In light ineffable around the throne,
God's love in all His dealings will be shown,—
How thou wert chastened for thy good; and then
The Comfort came, that thou might'st give again.

April 17th, 1874.

—o—

To a Friend, on her saying to me, "'Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest!' I'm of no earthly use."

KEEP, Lord, Thy servants to their high position,
And manifest to them Thy holy mission:
Thou givest all their work,—no two the same,—
Enabling each to glorify Thy name.

While there are mourners weeping,
Or youthful pilgrims sleeping,
Or hearts beset with fears,
Drowning their path with tears;
While you have faith to plead,
And for them intercede,
Refrain the thought, "I'm of no earthly use!"
Display the grace of God, and joy in heaven produce.

1854.

—o—

On a Dying and Desponding Friend.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."—PSALM xliii. 5.

"JUST as a winter's day closes in gloom,
And blacker and darker each object appears,
My faith is obscured in this valley of tears:
Even while grieving, expecting, believing,
Sunbeams will rise o'er this horror of fears."

Sorrowful soul, at the gate of the city
Hope will attend, ere the portals unclose;
All the shadows will flee, as a mist from the sea:
Nought will be suffered to mar thy repose.
Known to the King is thy labour of love:
Sure is the welcome that waits thee above.

Vide in Cœlum, August 13th, 1867. Aetat, 67. July 31st, 1867.

In Memoriam.

July 19th, 1801. Abiit in Cœlum, May 27th, 1873.

MOST blest the change to thee, mother beloved!
All weariness and pain and weakness gone,—
Rest, peace, and power, renewed, extended, won:
Yet we must weep that we are left alone.

Rare gifts, and virtues which our souls approved,
In daily exercise we saw in thee;
Contented, patient, cheerful, kind, and free,
Helpful to every child of misery.
Albeit not to cover follies prone,
Reproving self-indulgence,—she alway
Duty preferred to pleasure. To obey
Seemed her first motive in the path she trod;
On her there rested the sweet peace of God:
Nor murmur breathed she at life's heaviest load.

June 22nd, 1873

In Memoriam.

May 22nd, 1876, at Durley Manor, near Bishop's Waltham, of lock-jaw, following crushed fingers, the result of an accident, in his sixth year, Wilfrid Kipling Perkins; and May 26th, from inflammation of the brain, following the shock produced by witnessing her brother's accident, aged ten years, Mabel Sewell Perkins, children of Mr. and Mrs. William Perkins.

WHAT happier household waked at morning's prime?
And none more sad watched for the evening's chime!
The darling boy, weary and worn with pain,
Starts in his restless sleep, and sleeps again,—
Not childhood's placid rest: a fitful moan
Betokens pain and fear,—till then unknown.

And the sweet Mabel, womanly and wise,
At ten years old the wonder of all eyes,
Loving brave Wilfred like a tender mother,
Lies crushed in sympathy with her dear brother!
There is no respite for her fevered brain:
She only can recall some dreadful pain.

No earthly power can heal, or can restore her!
He was released from suffering before her:
In mercy she was spared that utter woe
Which his last hours of ebbing life would show;
Nurslings of heaven,—treasures laid up above,—
Dwelling with Him who is Light, Life, and Love.

July, 1876.

Lines Written in Affliction.

THE soothing sympathy on which we fed
For months, became almost like daily bread;
This could not last: the dreaded blank has come,
And silent anguish reigns in heart and home.

The busy world rolls on as heretofore;
Each heart bears its own burthen, and its store
Of care, or pain, or fear, without complaint,
Though weary it may be, and nigh to faint.

Still striving to seem joyous 'mid the throng
Of pleasure-seekers, who to earth belong,
They would avoid life's shadows, and persuade
Themselves there's wisdom in the path they've made.

There is One eye beholds each mourner's tear,
Which reads the anguish, and is ever near
To cherish, not to chide the griefs they feel:
Wounds which His love has given, His love will heal.

October 29th, 1876.

August 29th, 1876.

"There was silence, and I heard a voice, saying," (Job iv. 16)
"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."—John xiv. 18.

HOW can I doubt the gracious Word,
Which in my agony I heard?
In that dread hour Thou didst sustain:
That promise was not given in vain;
But precious thoughts of praise distilled,
And "Thy peace" my rent bosom filled.
Thou Lord of truth and righteousness,
Spake by Thy Spirit, but to bless.
Thou couldst not all my hope betray,
In causing me to trust alway
That love which my whole life has known,
And day by day more brightly shown.
No: God is faithful, and my breast,
Unwavering in His love shall rest!
He heard, and answered all my prayer,—
My sorrows and my weakness bare;
And He hath given my loved ones rest:
Thus faith beholds them, early blest.

November 12th, 1876.

ACROSTIC.

To the Congregation of St. Thomas's Parish Church, Eccleston, St. Helen's, on the translation of their beloved Pastor from pitiable pain to perfect peace, on St. Thomas's Day, December 21st, 1876. Aged forty-six years.

WHO should lament for him,—His anguish o'er?
Inheritor of bliss, laid up in store,
Lord, for Thy chosen ones—for Israel's seed,
Loving the Saviour Christ in word and deed.
If to yourselves ye look, your loss is great,
And sorer than as yet ye contemplate:
Mourn then, and pray,—and for a pastor wait.

A discipline of grief and pain was thine;
But now in heaven's own glories thou dost shine,
Reserved for those who teach the way of life,
And many turn to holiness from strife.
How can his people his wise teaching prove,
And show true gratitude, and own their love?
Mix penitence with prayer: all wrong remove!

Mind, ye who to eternal life aspire,
On you it rests to make his glory higher!
Control ill thoughts, and consecrate each aim,
Asking the Spirit's aid to fan the flame,
To work His will who man's base heart can move
To lives of purity, and peace, and love;
And thus make known your shepherd's work above.

In Memoriam.

On a beloved Pastor of a Kirk in Scotland.

I LOVE to meditate upon that day
On which thy happy spirit winged its flight
Heavenward, nor shrank to leave its house of clay,
Nor trembling entered upon Death's dark night,—
Knowing that thy loved Saviour, Priest, and King,
Endured for thee the terrors of the grave;
Rose then triumphant: and heaven's arches ring,—
Ring with the loud acclaim of myriads Thou didst save.

February, 1872.

—o—

A Pastor to his Flock.

WORDS may not worthless prove
If winged by Faith and Love.
Like seeds borne on the air
Let them a blessing bear,
Inspiring holy thoughts and prayer.
A watchman on God's tower perceives
Much which his inward spirit grieves.

A boast of charity,
But lack of unity,
Rating the world's esteem
Above God's highest theme,—
Higher e'en than prophecy's inspired beam.
Albeit some good things I see,
Much more there is which should not be.

Mark those who turn aside,
Or Bible truth deride:
Catholic be thy creed;
An only truth you need,—
That Christ for you will intercede;
That He alone can pardon give,
And all who trust in Him will live.

—o—

In Memoriam.

July 7th, 1875, aged fifty-nine years.

EARNEST, and honoured in the Christian race,
Let sorrowing friends commemorate the grace
Imparted unto thee while yet a child:
Zealous to follow Him, the undefiled.
A faithful friend, an enemy to strife,
Bestowing loving ministry through life,—
Early and late life's labour she pursued;
To nurse and tend, with love she was imbued:
Hast'ning to serve and bless, no thoughts of self intrude.

Whoe'er beheld her unobtrusive air,—
Intent on caring for those crushed by care,
Lessening their misery by word and deed,
Living to love, and lovingly to plead,—
Is conscious that she now dwells with the throng
Around the throne, which to the Lamb belong.
'Mid that vast multitude one song they raise:
"Salvation!" To our God be all the praise!

—o—

"*Do Good to All Men.*"

THOU minister of God, why wilt thou lose
That influence on men's hearts which thou might'st claim,
If acts, words, works, declared thy only aim
Was to advance His glory,—and His name
Whom thou professed to serve? Why dost thou choose
To seek the rich, or else the very poor?
Is there no class between, with souls to cure?
That pride scarce dwells on earth which would refuse
To enter the mean hut: the sanded floor
To proud humility is just a lure.
Beware, lest thou should'st bring reproach and shame
Upon thy calling! Thou wert set on high
To bid men to the Holy One draw nigh.
How eloquent are lives, and words how weak:
Oh, let both deeds and words one language speak!

1838.

A Salutation to a Missionary.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."—ISAIAH lii. 7.

WELCOME: thrice welcome!
Messenger of love!
Herald of mercy boundless as its source;
May truths divine each deadened spirit move,
And thy pure life exemplify their force.

Welcome: thrice welcome!
Righteousness and peace,
And truth and mercy from one centre spring:
May the seed sown abundantly increase,
And a rich harvest to the Saviour bring.

Welcome: thrice welcome,
Guide to Life and Light!
"The day-spring from on high" we now can see:
Death's shadow flies. We hate sin's gloomy night,
And our awakened souls spring, Lord, to Thee!

1838.

To a Friend, intent on engaging in Missionary work in a baleful clime.

HOPEFUL and trustful, all thy powers employ:
Enter upon thy work with holy joy;
Not fearing trial, but expecting pain,
Relying on that aid all may obtain,—
Yea, all that seek shall find: not one can sue in vain.

Jaded and weary oft thy soul will lie;
Oh, then the Tempter will for victory try!
No human skill will stand thee in that hour:
Endowed with faith, let the arch-demon lour!
Sword of the Spirit save! Behold the Rock,—the Tower!

All good betide thee, loving and beloved,
Leaning on Him who ever conqueror proved;
Content to tread that path on which He moved!
Oh, may thy daily life be pure and bright,
Constantly beaming with a heavenly light,
Known only unto those who in their Lord delight!

February 16th, 1866.

M. E. G. to her Mother.

MOTHER, thy pure love has shed
A living light around my head:
Resting on that faithful breast,
Your grateful child was ever blest.

Ended now my youthful days:
Life so rapidly has run
I scarcely deemed it had begun.
Zephyrs soft my brow have fanned,
A thousand fancies filled my sail,
But all the happiness I planned
Evades me like a shadow pale:
To whom, or whither can I flee?
Hope has no earthly home like thee,
My Mother!

—o—

A Friend's Wishes on the Christening of a Baby, long desired.

ALL blessings be thine, from the hour of thy birth!
Long yearned for; love gave, love received thee on earth!
In the joy of thy parents I too may partake.
Cease mourners to weep, and rejoice for their sake;
Endeavour your happiest feelings to wake!

Prayed for, like Samuel, thy mother will fear
Early and late for a treasure so dear;
No ill can befall thee, if only thou'rt given,
Readily,—willingly offered to heaven!
Only for spiritual blessings I plead:
Saviour of sinners for her intercede,—
Engage her to love Thee, in thought and in deed!

Taught by the Spirit of God how to pray,
Wisdom and honour will guard her alway,—
Yea, wealth will be hers which cannot decay!
Fresh springs of grace from the fountain of Truth,
Open thine eyes to the follies of youth:
Run not with those who earth's prizes would gain,
Desert not Christ's banner,—His glory attain!

February 21st, 1866.

—o—

"*Love not the world, neither the things in the world.*"

HASTE not, before God's Spirit points the way:
Examine, prove thyself, and then obey;
Nor act the trifler's part, nor with the triflers stay.
Riches, and pleasures which this world can give,
Your soul now thirsts for. Can it drink and live?

Just as in Eden, now the Tempter shows
Only one side,—the beauty of the rose:
Not any thorn,—no blight, no death, no woes.
"Enjoy God's gifts to man, for they are sweet;
Seek out that path where both worlds' treasures meet."

"A cloud of witnesses," in bright array,
Long for thy victory to end the affray:
Can no one aid thee? Raise the banner high:
Oh, faith must conquer, and the accuser fly!
Closer and nearer tread the path Christ trod;
Keep bright thy armour, till thou rest in God!

1866.

—o—

When in Perplexity.

DEIGN, Lord, to lead us through this maze of life,
And scatter every element of strife;
Vouchsafe Thy guidance, indicate Thy will:
Into each bosom trustful love instil,—
Dispel the mist around us, dark and chill!
Hold back all evil: fears and doubts oppress,—
Only Thy grace can shield us from distress.
Let peace, Thy peace, flow o'er us like a river,
Deepen our faith in Thee, the bounteous giver;
Enable us to live these passing hours,
Not to ourselves, but Thee, with all our powers!

October 1st, 1877.

—o—

On the Return of Beloved Ones from a long Tour.

SAFE home again! Our wanderings o'er,
And joyful we embrace once more.
Our health preserved from day to day,
Shielded from perils of the way,—
From pestilence and sickness dread,
In southern climes oft overspread,
We journeyed on; kept free from care,
On mountains vast, in valleys fair,
Or cities famed for temples rare.
But yet, far nobler than them all,
The scenery we would recall,—
The wealth of landscape, and the flowers
Bedecking this grand earth of ours,—
Not ours,—but God's! For all things show
Whose wisdom made these beauties grow:
All,—all are His! Both small and great
His loving-kindness did create!
Our kindred, too, from all alarm
He hath preserved and kept from harm.
All blessings have on us been poured:
"What shall we render to the Lord?"

October 28th, 1877.

Lines suggested by the Tribulation of many of our Friends.

ANXIOUS watchers, by the side of the pastor's bed of pain!
Trembling Faith, to doubt allied, scarce can drooping hearts sustain.
Loved, revered, thy household's pride,—may their care not prove in vain.
Mourners, long and sorely tried, patience in your breasts must reign:
He who knoweth what is best heeds your earnest fond request.

Weeping parents, who had given back to God one life He gave,
And with grateful hearts had striven thanks to yield "who taught to save,"
Now in agony are driven to surrender to the grave
A yet fairer flower,—in heaven to flourish, and Christ's banner wave!
Safely garnered: who shall weep "for the dead in Christ who sleep"?

Mother, by thy baby-boy, trembling through the long, long night,
Lest thy dearly-cherished joy should be hurried from thy sight,

And bright hopes fell Death destroy: gone from earth
thy heart's delight!
Parents pray: your powers employ. Seek by Faith to
plead aright:
If thy darling be restored, nurture him as for the Lord.

May 21st, 1876.

SONNET.

An expression of Sympathy with a Friend.

WE dare not murmur at our Lord's decree
In sending this affliction to thy heart,
Lest we imperil Faith God would impart:
Leave all thy future undisturbed and free.

In giving thee our kindliest sympathy,
And grieving that thou hast this pain to bear,
May we remind thee there is One to share
With thee all sorrow,—each oppressive care;

Ever the same, ever at hand to bless:
By His own promise bound, which cannot fail,
Strength will encircle thee when foes assail.

Thou would'st not wish to have one trouble less,
E'en if thou could'st avoid the threatened blow.
Rest on the assurance, Christ hath crushed each foe!

December 23rd, 1877.

A Victim of Remorse.

I'VE robbed myself of what I ne'er can buy,—
A goodly name; that richest noblest treasure
Princes can ne'er bestow, nor power measure.
This did I when I sinned! 'Tis vain to try
To brave my loss: I threw my honour by,
Nor can resume it. I have trodden down
The hedge: my autumn will no vintage crown.
That I have sown, I reap: the end is nigh,
And none will listen for my latest sigh.
Life is a desert, a long night of dread,
An endless winter: hope for aye hath fled.
Hating the living, envying the dead,
Death were a boon that I would gladly crave;
But for that dread unknown beyond the grave.

1838.

—o—

On a Suicide.

OH, who may dare to break the spell
Which binds our spirits to this earth,—
The charm of life, of love, of hope,
Inwoven with our birth!
Though sorrow, sin, and suffering
May mingle, and our cup alloy,
Life has enough of happiness
If we aright our powers employ.

1832.

ACROSTIC.

In Memory of our much respected Townsman, H. Gaskell Taylor; born February 7th, 1803, found dead in his bed March 13th, 1877, having died evidently without a struggle.

HOW full of mercy was this act divine!
Earth held no living bonds round him to twine,
None lived less joyously: nor hope, nor fear
Relieved the sameness of his sojourn here.

Yet gentle feelings lived within his breast;
Genuine his worth, his truth by all confess'd:
A man who shunned the semblance of all evil,
Strong in his rectitude to face the devil.

Kindly remembrance lingers for a while,—
Each small infirmity induced a smile.
Life's lengthening shadows slowly o'er him rose;
Life ended peacefully, in calm repose.

True to himself and his consistent aim,
An honoured purity is now his fame.
Years many we have known him; but no word
Laid on him heavier charge than this,—"Absurd!"

Oh what a glorious waking hour was given!
Resplendent, radiant, unknown joys of heaven.

March 14th, 1877.

Lines on the Death of Mrs. Nassau John Senior, whose worth and work are commemorated in a long paragraph in "The Times" newspaper, April, 1877.

She died at Chelsea, after long illness, on March 24th, 1877, aged forty-eight years. She was a sister of Tom Hughes, Esq., Q.C., author of "Tom Brown's School-days."

Also to Commemorate the Death of Caroline Chisholm, who won the title of "The Emigrant's Friend."

She was the wife of Major Chisholm, and was married in her twentieth year. She died at Fulham, after long illness, on March 25th, 1877, aged sixty-eight years.

TWO noble-minded saints have passed away:
We live to mourn them. But one little day
Between the death of each: both good and wise.
Their race is run; and each obtained the prize
The Saviour promised to His loving friends:
Thus He their labours for the poor commends,—
"In that ye did for them, ye did for Me:
I have partaken of your ministry."
Leave then at once the kingdom of God's grace,
Ye blessed ones, for a holier dwelling-place.

April 3rd, 1877.

ACROSTIC.

On Charles Brownsett Stubbs, an interesting Child of five and a half years, who was severely bitten on the leg by a mad dog, on February 21st, 1876.

He was at once attended by a surgeon for five weeks. It was hoped that he was well; but on the 3rd of April he became restless, and continued to get worse till he died, on the night of April 6th, as he on that morning had said that he should. He recognised the voice of Dr. Carr at the street door, and said he should like to see him. He said, "Dr. Carr, I am quite happy." He asked his mother if there would be dogs in heaven, also what dress he should wear there. He said that he should like to see through the house before he went, so his father carried him. He asked them to sing "Safe in the arms of Jesus!" It required four persons to hold him towards the end.

CHASE from our minds, O Lord, each murmuring thought!
How terrible to nature this decree,—
And our sad hearts renew their agony,
Remembering the brightness and the joy
Living within us as we clasped our boy.
Earth will to us henceforth with gloom be fraught,
Since thou, our loved one, to the tomb was brought.
But "all things work for good towards those who love:"
Relying on that promise from above,
Oh turn our thoughts from memories that grieve,
With words of power to all who will believe!
Not chastened for our sin, nor for God's pleasure:
Show us Thy Love in calling home our treasure!
Ever to be where Christ Himself shall reign,
To be for ever free from dread or pain,
need no robe but the Redeemer's dress,

Secure from evil, safe with Righteousness!
Thou hast admittance gained within the portal,
Unlike to us, who yet must wear this mortal.
But we no bitter tears will weep for thee:
Bliss now thy portion through brief agony.
"Safe in the arms of Jesus" thou must be!

April 9th, 1876.

On Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, "the Emigrant's Friend," who died, after long illness, on March 25th, 1877, aged sixty-eight years.

COULD every woman love like thee,
And so fulfil her destiny,—
Ready, with helpful tenderness,
On wearied pilgrims aid to press,
Linking thy heart with sufferers, mean
In station, look, and garb unclean;
Nor holding back from one with scorn,
Eager to help the most forlorn,—

Covered with glory she would be:
Herald of gracious ministry!
In spending thus thy thoughts and powers,
Safely thou kept Life's golden hours;
Happy in helping the opprest:
On thee the poor man's praises rest.
Long illness closed thy brave career:
Much mourned, "the Emigrant's firm Friend" lives here.

April 3rd, 1877.

In kind Remembrance of C. A. H., died April 21st, 1873, aged thirty-two years.

CALLED from this busy scene in manhood's prime,
How many living ties bound thee to Life,
A loving partner of a loving wife!
Rich in resources mental and refined,
Living in happiness by God designed;
Endeared as father, brother, son, and friend,—
Supremely joyous hours thy steps attend.

Ah, little dreamed we of thy hidden pain!
Rich in thy sympathy for those in grief,
Thy cheering influence came nowhere in vain,
Helpful and hopeful to impart relief;
Until no longer able to sustain,
Resigned to quit this world—thy tenure brief.

How tenderly the widow's God upholds
And cheers her drooping spirit by His power;
Raises her from the dust,—His arm enfolds,—
Dispels her gloomy fears from hour to hour!
When He has hid from her a little while,
In loving-kindness He Himself reveals,
Conducts her lovely children by His smile,
Knowing the anxious love a mother feels.

April 9th, 1876.

In Memoriam.

April 13th, 1875. In his fourteenth year.

CHILD fondly loved! Not for thy sake alone
Hovered around thee all thy father's prayers.
A relic thou of joys too quickly flown,
Refreshed and cheered his spirit 'mid life's cares.
Long years of gentle nurture he bestowed;
Even though absent, watching the seed sown,
Showing the depths of love from which all flowed.

Child fondly loved! Fast opening, year by year,
A thousand gracious charms of mind appear,
Making thy school-boy days a bright career.
Pride in his pupil won the master's praise;
But grateful thanks a father's heart would raise,
Even to Him who ordereth all the ways His
Loving followers would desire to tread,
Learning of Him who hath their footsteps led.

Lord, Thou dost feel how parents' hearts are riven
On Thy recall of dear ones Thou hast given!
Chosen by Thee, lent for a few short hours,
Kindly withdrawn ere his unrivalled powers
Had made him seek this world's applause to gain:
A skilled musician, sensitive to pain.
Render thy thanks that he is safe from sorrow!
Take up to-day no trouble for the morrow.

April 17th, 1875.

To a Lady whose Husband Died Suddenly.

MOTHER! bereaved one! raise thy tear-filled eyes
Away from earth, where thy lost treasure lies.
Remember, He whose wisdom gave the blow
Yearns a far better blessing to bestow!

Peace be thy portion: from the Prince of Peace
Receive the gift, and let each murmur cease.
Embrace the offer Jesus makes to thee,
Entitled, as a sinner saved, to flee
Close to "the Rock," "the Refuge,"—and to rest,
Even for ever, on His loving breast!

—o—

A Prayer of the same Lady for her Little Ones.

ENLIGHTEN, Lord, my darling childrens' eyes:
Make me a loving mother, good, and wise.
I am not willing now to go astray:
Lord, keep us safe in Thine unerring way!
Young as they are, receive them to Thy fold:
Protect and guide the youthful and the old;
Receive us, sinners rescued, to Thy rest,—
Emmie and Minnie, with their mother bless'd.
Employing all their talents to Thy praise,
Called out of darkness into Wisdom's ways,
Eternal life begun in childhood's pleasant days!

February 21st, 1875.

To an Anxious Friend.

TO thee, O faint and trembling heart,
Hope, firm and sure, I would impart.
"Only believe!" and thou wilt find
Mercy is meant for all mankind;
And, "whosoe'er will come," 'tis plain
Shall never seek Christ's face in vain!

But He who ransomed us from sin
Restores to health the souls He'd win!
If for His Spirit's aid we pray
Grace will be given day by day:
Suffice it for the flock to know
Their Shepherd will before them go;
Only His loving voice they hear,
Calling on each one not to fear!
Kept safe so far, they dread no ill:
Eternal truth is with them still!

October, 1872.

"I am so hungry for my Mother."

The utterance of a very young child. Acrostic in memory of her.

I WOULD I felt as hungry for God's love,
Sweet child, as thou didst for thy mother's smile!
Absent from her, no pleasure could beguile.
But I am satisfied to be exiled,—
Even content to be an outcast child,
Living on husks, so grudgingly supplied.
Let me arise and seek my Father's face,
And hide myself within His warm embrace!

1869.

—o—

ACROSTIC.

On the Life and Labours of Mrs. N. J. Senior.

The Times states that "she is the first and only woman who has held a high official appointment under Government, taking rank as a man, with a high salary." She died, after long illness, at Chelsea, on March 24th, 1877, aged forty-eight years.

JOINED with rare loveliness of form and face, to
vocal powers were added every grace.
A wondrous sympathy—untiring love—placed thee
almost all womankind above!
No sister envied thee thy rising fame, for all who knew
thy worth thy power proclaim:
Engaged herself in work well-nigh divine, Octavia Hill
pointed to work of thine;—

Ennobled women-workers,—heart and mind are in one
aim and object close entwined!
Living in cognizance of bitter woe upspringing where
some streams of hope should flow,
Induced thee all thy energies to give to teach poor
women-paupers how to live.
Zeal prompted thee to take thy new career as duty laid
on thee: nor hope nor fear
Attended thy resolve to use thy skill in laying bare
sources of secret ill.
But though some opposition to thee came, thy work, so
well performed, enhanced thy fame:
Experience and decision were combined with judgment
in thy comprehensive mind;
Thy careful search for facts is solid ground convincing
that thy theories are sound.
Hard is it to believe thy destiny,—so honoured, loved,
and young, to pass away!

Scarcely two years of ruling sway was thine, which failing
health compelled thee to resign.
Engaged unto the last, while strength remained, in noting
down the knowledge she had gained,—
No selfish thought intruded, as she lay in her long illness,
working day by day
In the loved project which absorbed her mind: "For
every ill a remedy to find!"
Our hearts are grieved to feel that she is gone, most
honoured, while on earth she shone alone.
Rest now is given: and her portion love,—'midst friends
on earth and angel-hosts above!

April 4th, 1877.

God's Biddings are Enablings.

WHO is sufficient for a blameless walk
In the straight pathway which our Saviour trod?
Love,—only love divine,—our foes can baulk!
Love in us, love around us, love to God,
Impelling us our nature to restrain,
And become all, or nothing,—so we gain
Many, lost souls, to strive till they attain.

When God commandeth, who His power may stay?
And none can draw them from the narrow way.
Learning of Him from whom all blessings came,
Like unto Him, this thy sole end and aim,
A power will be given thee from above,
Continually thy willing heart to move:
Enchained, yet free, thy only bond is love!

1865.

—o—

"*Fight the Good Fight of Faith.*"

ONWARD Soldier! Not for gold
Were you in the lists enrolled;
The meed you seek is bliss untold:
Onward, to the strife!

Onward Soldier! Faith will be
A shield and buckler unto thee;
Death's conqueror leads to victory:
The wreath, eternal life!

Onward Soldier! For thy sword,
Take, oh take, God's Holy Word!
Thy leader is the mighty Lord;
Thy banner is the cross!

Onward, Christian Soldier: on!
Faint not till the battle's done,
And the heavenly crown be won:
Count earthly honours dross!

1837.

—o—

Wishing you all True Joys of the Season.

WHAT now are life's best joys?
The world and all its toys
Are crumbling in our grasp;
Life's flowers are withered all:
Shadows we clasp!

One truth alone is gain,
And cancels every pain:
This is true life,—to know
Whence joys eternal flow!
From Christ they spring:
He lived, He loved, He died;
He rose again, to prove
The sinner justified!

January, 1863.

—o—

On Favourite Names.

JULIET, recalls an image to our mind
Esteemed, most fond, and faithful of her kind;
Amy, we link with Leicester's fatal love,
Nor doubt her likeness to the gentle dove.
If I should choose a maiden for her name,
Esther, sweet star, is what my lips would frame!
Mary is loved, in city or in grove,
And poets sing the name which all approve!

Charlotte befits a sentimental muse;
Cordelia is the grace my heart would choose;
Alicia, Alice, live above this dome!
I see fair Jeanie bright'ning her loved home,
Giving delight where'er her smiles may come!

SONNET.

On the Marriage of an only Sister.

EVA, sweet sister! joy of heart and home,
Vanished for ever from my warm embrace;
Another's arms, henceforth, will round thee twine
Leaving a blank in this poor heart of mine!
I pass thy chamber door, but enter not,
Not caring to behold that vacant place,

Each object, though the same, now wears a different face!
Fully I recognise thy happy lot,
Rich in possession of one loving heart;
And I rejoice, though tears unbidden start.
No thorny path is opening to thy view,—
Caressed by friends and fortune, all seems gay:
Earth spreads her choicest flowers upon thy way;
Spring-blossoms brightly beam with early dew!

April, 1871.

From Miss H. to a Niece dearly loved.

Written on the only child of a lady Missionary, who died in India soon after the child's birth. The lady's sister became as a mother to the infant.

OULD I choose my darling's fate,
And her future contemplate,
Then how richly I'd invest her,—
Home, love, friends: nought should molest her!
Each day bringing new delight,
Revelling in fancies bright;
Innocent enjoyments tasting,
Neither time nor talents wasting.

Even then these joys would pall;
Fleeting as the shadows fall.
Rather let me strive to gain
A child in mission-field to train;
News to spread, how heav'nly love
Came to earth from realms above.
Engage her, Lord of Life, to be
Strong in self-sacrifice for Thee!

May, 1877.

Truth: six couplets on it.

"BE girt with Truth!" No better aim, nor higher;
He ne'er can fail who doth to truth aspire!

Truth for a fount, a girdle, and a crown,
All that's ignoble speedily will drown!

Where truth is absent, there all vice may dwell:
The want of truth can make this earth a hell!

Truth is the source from which all virtue springs:
Truth, in look, life, and lip, sheds honour upon kings!

Truth, pure unvarnished truth, honour will crown:
He's rich who has it, and need fear no frown!

Truth, which excludes all shams, and all endeavour
To seem what it is not, brings honour ever!

24th May, 1877.

—o—

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

GOD of our fathers,—shed Thy grace
O'er all our land,—o'er all our race!
Where'er the English tongue shall sound,
Wherever British hearts are found,
Let deeds and words alike express
Our glory is true righteousness!

God of our fathers,—grant that we,
Thy people, may be always free;
Free to do right! Our sons all brave:
No British soul to sin a slave.
Let deeds and words alike express
Our glory is true righteousness!

God of our fathers,—let no shame
Rest on our noble country's name:
Her wives and mothers far renowned;
Her youth with modest worth be crowned.
Let deeds and words alike express
Our glory is true righteousness!

November 30th, 1873.

—o—

A Plea for our Foreign Missions.

THY "loving-kindness," Lord, exceeds
Our knowledge and our utmost needs.
Thou seest, Lord, the sore distress
Which on our Foreign Missions press:
May every one who hears the cry
For help, give more abundantly!
As God hath given, *so* let us give
The food on which their souls may live;
Food for the souls, and bodies too,
Is clamoured for. Rise up and do
All in your power, with purse and heart,
To help the workers to impart

True wisdom. Open wide your store,
And ye will prosper more and more!
Withhold the blessing: ye will find
Scant treasure will remain behind!

November, 1877.

—o—

Song of a Godly Working-man.

BRITONS, awake to righteousness!
Young men and maids, to glory press!
Free unto all the lists of fame:
Be true nobility your aim.
Children, begin,—do all you can:
The child's the father of the man!

Brothers in toil, throughout our land
Each selfish aim and end withstand;
Justice and honour claim their due:
Workers, unto yourselves be true!
Children, begin,—do all you can:
The child's the father of the man!

Each has a duty to fulfil;
Shame unto him who does it ill.
Our noble Queen, upon her throne,
Lives not unto herself alone!
Children, begin,—do all you can:
The child's the father of the man!

November 30th, 1873.

Couplets on Life.

HOW swiftly does a life of idleness
Develope love of gossip, and of dress!
Ladies who much frequent a public walk,
Will certainly become the public talk!
If "idle hands will mischief do,"
Two idle tongues will worse pursue!
The simplest study, earnestly pursued,
Can hardly fail to bring a meed of good!
A country walk, by verdant hedge-rows bound,
Teeming with truest wisdom may be found!
The works of God how great! A noble aim
It is to scan the flowers, and whence they came!

1870.

—o—

My First Visit to Dulwich Gallery, with John Rubens Bulman.

WELL I remember the bright sunny day,—
You twenty-three, and I, a girl of ten,
Who ne'er had gazed on artists' works till then,
After a walk through fields by hedge-rows bound,
We entered on the cool and grateful shade
Which the fine trees about the College made;

Sweet-scented breezes o'er our foreheads play,
And our tired footsteps linger on the way;
The gallery with lantern roof is crowned,—
  The vestibule is gained: the open door
  Reveals cane settles and a crimson'd floor:
  With brilliant views the walls are covered o'er.
Exceeding all my fancy ever drew,
Like fairy-scene it burst upon my view!

Then but a child, those painting-covered walls
Even in age my memory recalls.
  But greater wonder still, was when you drew
  Me to a full-length portrait, like a queen
In velvet robe, with ruff, and stately mien,
And asked me "if her like I e'er had seen?"
  "One like her? Yes! Your mother it must be!
  But no: this lady's eyes are blue, I see,—
Your mother's black; though the same look and air:
Alike in height, but this a shade more fair!
  Tell me her name." "This lady's Rubens' mother!
  I brought you here to see if you'd discover
My mother's ancestress by this her face.
Now we'll your brothers bring, that they her look may
    trace." *

* My friend's mother (née Charlotte Rubens) was one of five sisters descended from Sir Peter Paul Rubens. The extraordinary likeness to the mother of the great painter, after the fourth or fifth generation, is a literal fact, as above narrated. Mrs. Henrietta Rubens, an elder sister, was a good deal like in features.

SONNET.

On the Holy Spirit.

"And when He is come, He will 'convince' the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."—St. John xvi. 8.

THE Comforter is come! I look within;
But how unfit the temple of my mind
For this most holy visitant I find:
A harbour and a resting-place for sin,
My heart too long,—alas, how long—hath been!
I pant now for the freedom Christ designed:
Spirit of truth, my fettered soul unbind,
Convince, convert, and to salvation win!
The prince of this world is a captive led:
The Holy One hath judged him and subdued.
What befalls armies which have lost their head?
With ruin and with death the ground is strewed!
In my Redeemer's footsteps I would tread:
Lord, grant my trust in Thee may daily be renewed!

1837

—o—

Watching and Waiting: Looking for the Lord.

I AM indeed Thine own. I love that word
Which claims me as Thy purchase, gracious Lord!
I watch for Thee and wait, and sometimes mourn
Thy absence from Thy bride. Return: return

To claim Thy loved one! Quickly may she be
Adorned with righteousness and meet for Thee.
Sometimes Thy chariot-wheels I seem to hear,
And my heart echoes, "He is very near!"
I start, and trim my lamp, and list'ning, wait
To obey the summons: "He is at the gate:
Go forth to meet Him." Yet He tarries still,
And I must watch till death, if so Thou will,
My best-beloved. Thy promised One has come,—
The Comforter! He speaks to me of home,—
Thy glorious home,—where she will ever be
Who grateful yields life, mind, and heart to Thee!

1844.

—o—

Lines Written on the First Page of an Album.

NO "book of beauty" do I own:
This is a book of love alone,—
A brother's gift: and should not here
His sister's grateful thanks appear?
Dear Charles, you have conferred a pleasure,
And given me a lasting treasure;
For should I live to oldest age,
Tokens of love on many a page
Will greet me here, and early days
I may live over in these lays.

Should those who wrote them be at rest,
Their guerdon won, their spirits blest,
Love will incite me to prepare
To meet them in a world more fair.
But if I early die,—oh, then,
My brother, take thy gift again,—
Haply Eliza's simple rhymes
May bring to memory happy times!

1833.

—o—

On the Anniversary of my Preservation from a Violent Death.

UNCONSCIOUS, unconcerned upon the brink
Of dread eternity my spirit lay:
What would have been my fate I dare not think,
Had'st Thou then pleased to summon me away.
Doubtless in mercy Thou my life did'st save,
And kept my soul from out the yawning grave.

Mould my impatient spirit to Thy will,
Warm my cold heart Thy goodness to adore:
'Tis of Thy boundless mercy I live still.
Teach me to know Thee daily more and more;
Guide, guard, control,—that I may rightly spend
The time, the health, the talents, Thou dost lend.

April 24th, 1837.

Written on the 31st of December, the night before a Ball.

WHAT will to-morrow bring?
Dance, feast, and revelling,
To welcome to the earth
The first day of thy birth,
Oh thou New Year!

Laughter, and jest, and song,
Befit the youthful throng
Of careless hearts, before
Wisdom has ope'd her store
Of truer joys.

Reflection fain would stay
Life's progress to survey:
A retrospect to cast
On hours which have pass'd
In seasons gone.

Swiftly this year hath sped,
And voices from the dead
Tell that the grave may be
A resting-place for me
Before the next.

"Prepare," is wisdom's voice.
Oh, let it be my choice
To stand prepared to hear
The summons to appear,
Whene'er it be!

1838.

—o—

"Every Misery we miss is a fresh Mercy."—IZAK WALTON.

EACH hour, each minute that I breathe,
New gifts, new mercies I receive,
Yet with a joyless breast.
Talents, and time, and daily bread,
And friends to cheer the path I tread,
Have failed to make me blest.

While for some fancied bliss I sigh,
I let the real good pass by,
Unvalued or unknown.
O may I be impressed with this,—
That every misery I miss
Is a fresh mercy shown!

1836.

On the Scentless Violets of Devon.

THE ground was spread with flowers of various hue;
But most profuse were violets, white and blue.
Tired of the world, with spirit broke, and grieved
That e'er in proffered friendship I believed,
"Deceit in flowers," I cried, "can never be:
Their sweet perfume again shall solace me!"
I gathered some. "Has nature grown unkind,
That e'en in violets no scent I find?"
I trampled them in scorn. The breeze swept by;
Methought all nature heaved a plaintive sigh,
And thus rebuked me: "Day and night, like thee,
A crowd of prostrate suppliants bend the knee
Before the throne of mercy; but the will
Is stubborn, unsubdued, rebellious still.
Their's is the form of godliness: the grace
Of loved humility no eye can trace.
These violets are emblems of thy heart:
Culture to them and thee, sweet odour may impart."

1838.

—o—

I seek Contentment!

WHERE, Content, where dost thou dwell?
Deign thy votary to tell:
Is it in a hermit's cell,
Retired and lonely?

Where, oh, where dost thou reside?
In a cot art thou descried?
Or art thou, with rank, allied
To riches only?

Neither in the hermit's grot,
Nor the peasant's humble cot,
Nor with the wealthy is my lot
At all times cast.

To no estate am I confined:
I am with the grateful mind;
All who seek me there may find,
And hold me fast.

1830.

—o—

A Midsummer-night's Dream.

IN the fields by moonlight straying,
There I saw the fairies playing.
In a poppy, safe from damp,
They had placed their glow-worm lamp;
And the gay and spritely race,
Round it moved with matchless grace;
Ever flitting, tripping, bounding,
Constantly the lamp surrounding.

But, alas, my view was brief,
For my foot disturbed a leaf!
Quickly, as a flash of light,
They had vanished from my sight;
But a ring the place discovered,
Where their fairy feet had hovered.

1830.

—o—

Written in the Album of A. C. C.

I BRING no store of honey'd words
To lay on Friendship's shrine;
I dare not say eternal truth
And constancy are mine.
If injured, I might not forget,
Though I would fain forgive;
Disdainèd, I might cease to love,
And yet not cease to live.

But I'll not lightly take offence,
Nor heedlessly intrude;
Nor seek unwilling confidence,
Nor carelessly be rude.
If trusted, I will not betray,
Though friendship's bond should break,—
Remembrance of the once-loved tie
Will kindly feelings wake!

1833.

On the Dominion of Sin.

SIN hath reignèd. Wretched me,
I've no power to conquer thee!
To iniquity I cleave
And the Holy Spirit grieve.
Vile, unclean in every part,
What can cleanse thee, oh my heart?

Seek for His Almighty aid
Who the world's foundation laid;
To that Rock,—that Mercy-spring,
All thy want, thy weakness bring:
He will graciously supply
Thy need, with His sufficiency!

1837.

—o—

"*Thy Will be Done.*"

THOU, only Thou, O Lord, canst know
What is for me designed:
If joy or grief,—if weal or woe,—
Whate'er it please Thee to bestow,
Teach me to be resigned.

To be resigned, though friends forsake
And poverty oppress,—
Though death the tenderest ties should break,—
Though daily to new cares I wake,
And grief my soul possess;

Still unto Thee I'll make my prayer,
My only Hope,—my Trust!
Until Thou seest fit to spare,
Grant me Thy strength all ills to bear,
And own Thy trials just.

August 12th, 1832.

—o—

"*Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.*"

IF the waters of sorrow should over us roll,
And shadows and gloom o'er the future be cast,
What will lighten the darkness that covers the soul?
The remembrance of joys that are past!

And if life, like a banquet of sweets should be spread,
Imprudence would dream that it always will last;
What will teach us with wisdom life's mazes to thread?
The remembrance of griefs that are past!

1835.

Lines Written on Leaving Camberwell.

WHERE is the heart that would not grieve
Its early, happy home to leave?
I cannot quit a place so dear
Without the tribute of a tear;
And 'tis a pleasant thought to me
That I may one day visit thee.
Again,—in the loved temple raise
My heart in prayer, my voice in praise;
Beneath the porch may press once more,
The friendly hands I press'd of yore;
With heightened pleasure seem to trace
A friend in each familiar face,
Lingering as we were wont, around
The precincts of the hallowed ground!
Thus will it be? Alas, unknown,
Unnoticed, I may stand alone!
Some loved ones dead, and more estranged,
In everything but features changed,
For not one look or tone betrays
Remembrance of departed days.
How altered also *I* may be,
Ere Surrey I revisit thee!
Sorrows which fill my soul with dread
When in the future only read,
May swiftly as a stream descend,
And my once joyous spirit rend.

Yet memory a chastened glow
Of pleasure o'er the past will throw.
What though in solitude I stand,
Amid a once-familiar band,
I do but share the common lot
Of all who were,—but now are not:
They lived, they loved, they are forgot!

1833.

—o—

A Letter to my Sister in Lancashire.

WHEN cozey and snug we assemble once more,
En famille, our table around,
The change in our home we shall cease to deplore,
For again the light laugh will resound.

Already I hear the fond questions you ask:
We answer, and question in turn,
For none have occasion their feelings to mask,—
Reserve and concealment we spurn.

How swiftly the long winter evenings will fly,
Which working or reading we spend,
And converse a letter will sometimes supply,
Just come from a Camberwell friend.

Our fire-side circle in fancy will seem
Borne back to old places and times:
This surely is more than a fanciful dream,
And less vain than these valueless rhymes!

1833.

—o—

The Muses Invoked in a Wish.

CALLIOPÈ herself inspire
Thy verse with her heroic fire;
Erato dwell within thy breast,
And to thy love-lays give her zest;
Euterpè o'er thy voice preside,—
Terpsichorè thy motions guide;
Polyhymnia must strew the flowers
Of rhetoric over all thy powers;
Thalìa her comic vein bestow;
Melpomenè her sorrows show;
Clio, I tremble to invoke,
Her history will no horrors cloak;
But when you're tired of crimes and kings,
And all such sublunary things,
Turn to Urania: she will raise
Thy thoughts from earth (where all decays)
To worlds and spheres sustained by One
Who reigns for ever and alone.

1830.

A Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

THY Spirit, Lord, impart, and cleanse and keep my heart
From secret sin.
Oh, that without a stain, it were a holy fane,
All pure within!
Thou art the Truth, the Way: Thee I would fain obey,—
But I am weak.
Holy Thou art, and strong,—strength doth to Thee belong:
Thy strength I seek.

November 6th, 1831.

—o—

Gifts for the Dying.

AH, take these trinkets from my sight,
They pain me with their dazzling light:
They bring me back to earth.
I take no interest in them now:
They soon may deck some fairer brow,—
Some brow lit up with mirth.

It seems like mockery to bring
Gems to a fading, fleeting thing,
That soon must pass away.
The sands of life are ebbing fast,—
I feel *I've* nothing that can last:
They nothing to decay.

I love to watch the changing sky,
Or gaze on objects soon to die,—
The grass, or fruit, or flower.
The clouds will pass, fresh flowers will bloom,
And those who're resting in the tomb
May rise again in power!

1843.

Lines Written after a Deep Sorrow.

THE past! the past to memory wears
A bright and sunny hue;
Forgotten are the fears and cares
Which my young spirit knew.
Alas, I am not now as then!
I cannot be a child again.

Deep anguish leaves upon the heart
A never-dying trace,
For a withdrawal of the dart
Cannot the scar efface.
Yet time hath healing on its wing,
And hope and peace o'er grief may spring.

1835.

Lines enclosed with the first rose-bud of the season, and given to a beloved Brother on his leaving home.

THIS simple floweret with thee take,
And keep it for the giver's sake;
An emblem of myself 'twill be,
And of the love I bear to thee.
I, like this rose, shall cease to bloom,
And soon may wither in the tomb:
The scent of this sweet flower will last;
So will my love for thee, till life be past.

1833.

—o—

To our dear Mother on her Birthday.

MOTHER, thy children bring
An offering thou wilt prize
More than the choicest treasure which
In earth or ocean lies.

With heart-felt joyous love
We greet thee on this day:
Oh, may revolving years increase
Thy happiness alway!

The care thou hast bestowed,
The love we all have known,
We never can repay to thee,
But gratefully must own.

With pure and ardent joy
We hail thy natal day;
And fervently to heaven, for thee,
Our thankful tribute pay.

July 18th, 1832.

—o—

The Winter, the Winter.

THE winter, the winter hath pleasures all its own,
And I love the long long evenings, tho' I pass them oft alone.
The beating rain and howling blast
Thrill me as they're rushing past;
And then I turn with joy to see
The blessings which encompass me.
A fire bright, and a heart that's light,
Are my companions every night.

The winter, the winter hath pleasures all its own,
And I love the long long evenings, tho' I pass them oft alone;

For then I dream of laurels won,
And noble deeds that will be done,
And I in fancy do and dare
More than reason will declare.
A fire bright, and a heart that's light,
Are my companions every night.

January, 1837.

—o—

SONNET.

AM I consistent? Do I, when I pray,
And ask my Lord to keep me from all sin,
Fall into sloth, and let the Tempter in;
Or strive my Lord's commandment to obey,
And strictly watch, as fervently I pray?
Spiritual slumber is to crime akin,
And peace is shipwrecked if the Tempter win.

False heart, prepare thee for a strict survey!
Hast thou resisted the assaults of pride,—
Pierced through its mask, its thousand doublings scanned?
Waged war with envy, hatred,—and defied,
The subtle arts of that debasing band?
If so, unto the honourable name,
Consistent Christian, thou wilt have a claim.

1837.

Like a wanton Bird,
Thought wanders hither and thither.

AS a bubble on the sea,
Thought, I fear, thou art to me:
Vague thy course, and undefined
As a leaf borne on the wind;
Reason-bound thou wilt not be,—
Constant war I wage with thee;
All the powers of my mind
Vainly strive thy flights to bind.

But if thou would'st upward soar,
And the realm of faith explore,
Reason then would gladly rise
And pursue thee to the skies:
Then this conflict would be o'er,
Thought and reason war no more.
Worldly thought no peace supplies,
And it veils our heavenly prize!

1831.

On a Churlish Husband.

IF man be loved, admired, revered
By one devoted and endeared,
'Tis all he wants to know:
That she will strive his griefs to heal,
And share his sorrow, or his weal,
Is balm for many a woe.

Woman is happiest when her power
Can cheer affliction's dreary hour,
And chase the gloom aside:
How sad, if to reward her toils,
All that she asks,—some transient smiles,
Be to her love denied.

1837.

—o—

A very lovely Girl, and the darling child of her Mother, having been burned by an accident, was from that time totally neglected by her.

IF I had ne'er been beautiful
I had not felt this weight of woe,—
This heart-corroding wretchedness
Which fills me now!

My mother! Thy averted eyes
More deeply wound than aught beside:
I live to be a grief,—where I
Was once the pride!

Oh, mother, smile on me again,
And look as thou wert wont to do!
I can endure neglect, disdain,—
But not from you!

Unloved by all save thee, my heart
To thine would yet more fondly cling;
Then cherish me, nor let me be
A saddened thing!

My life shall be for thee alone;
To serve thee be my only care;
And days more bless'd than bright ones gone,
May be our share!

July, 1831.

—o—

Childhood's estimate of Time.

IN childhood, weeks, like months appear,
And every season seems a year:
So quickly now they pass away,
That months seem weeks, and weeks a day!

Home Questions.

TO that Friend in whom we live,
Say, what offering can I give?
My whole life could not repay
The mercies of a single day!

Constantly His goodness flows,
Nor a change or period knows:
He now keeps my eyes from tears
Who guarded all my infant years.

Can one who has known such love
Shrink from meeting Him above?
When His summons may appear,
Shall I wish to linger here?

Rather let me with delight
Hail the summons to His sight.
No more a wanderer to roam:
A pilgrim;—but returning home!

1832.

ACROSTIC.

On a beloved early Friend, who died in 1846.

MAY thy worth on earth be known,
As in heaven it will be shown.
Receive the tributary praise,
Your virtues claim from friendship's lays.
Envy's no place within thy breast;
Mistrust did ne'er disturb thy rest;
Eternal Love hath truly bless'd.
Resting contented with thy state,
Thy soul doth ever-patient wait
On Him who reigns supreme above;
Not anxious: knowing "God is love!"

1830.

—o—

An unfailing Recipè for Disappointment.

WISH for some nymph of beauty rare,
To grace thy "castle in the air;"
Let fancy deck with virtues bright
This vision of thy mental sight.
One who should instantly discern
Thy varying mood, and with it turn,
Nor deems it strange: her only will
Is, to display fresh graces still,—

To charm by converse her intent,
Or please by silence eloquent;
Discreet, yet gay,—the very tone
Of thought which answers to your own.
Then choose the friend you like the best:
Her with this drapery invest;
And let imagination play
Around her thus, by night, by day,
Till nothing will the phantom lay.
Then offer it your hand and heart,
With what of wealth you can impart.
Whether she scorns or grants relief,
You have a pretty cup of grief!

1839.

—o—

Written after a day of Active Employment.

HASTEN evening! Hours of leisure;
Business, bustle then are o'er:
Fire-side joys, a heart-felt treasure,
Thou to me wilt then restore.

Hasten evening! Hours of pleasure,
Music, converse thou dost bring:
Thy delights, in tuneful measure,
I thy votary would sing.

1832.

1 *Kings vi.* 7.

A TEMPLE to the Lord, unto His name,
From whom all knowledge and all wisdom came,
In strength and beauty rose upon the view;
But noiselessly the glorious structure grew.
Unheard, afar the stones were shaped and squared,
And fitted to the place for each prepared.
Long years in building was that house of prayer:
Nor sound of hammer, axe, nor tool was there.
Why was it thus?—That we a type might see
Of what each Christian character should be,—
Temples of God the Spirit: every hour
Should prove some token of the builder's power!
The work advances, yet so silently
That 'tis unnoticed by the passer-by,
Till filled with grace, the glory of the Lord
Pervades in every part the soul restored;
And as all flesh was at His presence bowed
When the Lord filled the temple with the cloud,
So heart, mind, will, subdued, to Him are given:
A building sanctified, and meet for heaven!

1841.

On the Ruins of Eltham Palace, Kent.

PALACE of Eltham, for ages renowned;
Abode of the mighty, the princely, the crowned,
How art thou fallen! Thy hall alone
Still bears some trace of thy splendour gone;
But the roof which echoed a monarch's jest
Is now with unsightly cobwebs drest.
Where the royal Elizabeth loved to stray
A farmer's children rudely play;
And where feast and revel were held of yore
The husbandman garners his wintry store.
Palace of Kings, thou art fallen low,
As thy moss-grown ruin'd casements show!

1834.

—o—

A Prisoner's Address to a captive Bird.

LITTLE fluttering thing, refrain;
All thy efforts are in vain.
Thou wilt spend thy spirit's fire,
But thou canst not bend a wire.

Thou mayest beat thy tender breast,
But the cage will still arrest
Thy upward flight: in yonder sky
Never more expect to fly.

I would gladly thee release,
And bid all thy sorrow cease;
But I am a captive too:
I can only sigh for you.

Thou no more at dawn of day
Wilt twitter on the dewy spray;
Thy expectant mate forlorn,
Long may chirrup on the thorn.

Home, and friends, and love were mine;
Homeless, friendless now I pine;
But the grave will give us rest:
Man can never there molest.

January 17th, 1831.

—o—

Psalm xlix., last clause of 18th verse.

ESTEEM thyself regardless of the throng,—
Their praise or censure. If to thee belong
The goods of fortune, thou mayest live on praise:
Their censure is reserved for poorer days.

1832.

"Many are the lovers of the rich."—PROVERBS xiv. 20.

THE lovers of the rich are many,
And men applaud their race;
Their selfish deeds are praised, and any
Who differ win disgrace.

1875.

—o—

The Absent One, who found an early grave.

"From her pale brow and burning cheek she threw the ringlets back; and bending forward, as the spirit swayed the reed-like form still to the shore beloved, breathed the swan-music of her wild farewell o'er dancing waves.—HEMANS.

STILL let me gaze! My soul is borne upon the crested wave:
It soon will reach my own dear land, where I would find a grave.
Methinks I see the proud white cliffs 'gainst which the billows foam,
And fancy mocks me with the sight of my own island-home.

My home no more! Yet still to me the memory is sweet
Of loved ones clustering round that hearth, whom I no more shall greet.
A voice of home is on the breeze, gentle, and soft, and kind;
Is it the echo of those tones which never leave my mind?

Perhaps they now are wandering where formerly we roved,
And may be longing for a glimpse at her they fondly loved.
And yet I would not see them now, though soothing it would be;
Scarce Love itself could recognise so changed a thing as me.

Farewell, dear friends: a sad farewell! Weary, and full of pain,
I sink to rest, perhaps to wake no more on earth again.
My spirit faints, as when I left your kind and fostering care;
I'm hasting to an unknown land: oh, breathe a parting prayer!

1832.

—o—

From a Reflection of the Rev. Edward Irving.

THROUGH mercy heaven we may win.
'Tis mercy covereth our sin;
'Tis mercy guards us night and day;
'Tis mercy keeps us in "the Way;"
'Twas mercy gave the Gospel-chart:
To mercy yield thine erring heart.

1838.

"Affection's last Resource."

(ON A PAINTING BY T. M. JOY.)

Twas even-time: before a crucifix a woman knelt in attitude of prayer,
Silent and lone: fit image of despair.

WHAT is her sorrow? I would know the grief
which laid such beauty low.
Not hers the tears which sisters shed o'er young
affection chilled or dead,
For hope then lives;
Nor does she mourn because the grave holds those she
would have died to save:
Such mourners know that every breath is wafting them
still nearer death,
Which comfort gives.
What is her sorrow? Hath that heart, which seemed the
very counterpart
Of her own pure and trusting mind, thrown truth and
honour to the wind?
Is this her care?
Ah, no! Such falsehood well might wake grief which "the
golden bowl would break;"
But woman's pride forbids to bow at Love's dishonoured
shrine, as thou,
In mute despair.
This is her sorrow. He hath gone from the fair bride so
lately won:
The cherished one,—a thing of nought! What demon
hath this ruin wrought?
Woman, beware!

This is her misery. She strove to guide him by the arts
of Love:
In vain! But now, a last resource,—she fain will turn
him from his course
By ardent prayer.
Is it too late? Her sorrows prove
That prayer should be a first resolve, and not a last
resource.

1840.

—o—

"The Lord is in His Holy temple."—PSALM xi.

ENTER: but with holy fear
Enter, for the Lord is here!
Hither let His people press
To the courts of holiness:
He has promised to attend
Where His people humbly bend;
He perceives the starting tear,
And the penitent will cheer.
Praise Him! Praise with heart and voice:
In the Lord, our strength, rejoice!
Enter: but with holy fear
Enter, for the Lord is here.

March 4th, 1832.

A Prophecy.

"HOW strong and forward is the boy," my doating parents say:
"Aye, that he is," rejoins my nurse: "He'll shortly run away!"
She must have been a witch, I think. I grew so fond of play,
When sent to school, at five years old, I quickly "ran away."

A beggar met me before long. Said she, "Why do you stray?"
"I seek my father's house," I said. "From school I've run away."
She promised she would take me there if I would wait a day:
She broke her word, and made me beg. Of course I "ran away."

My father advertized his child,—his lambkin gone astray.
They found me out, I know not how. I could not "run away."
Next I'd a private tutor, who to teach me did essay;
But when my books I should have read, I always "ran away."

My friends then knew not what to do. I saw a soldier gay,
And said, "Do let me be one too: I shall not "run away!"
An ensign smart, I happy was, till one unlucky day
I shot a comrade in a duel, and had to "run away."

With money I was well supplied, but found to my dismay
That time hung heavy on my hands, though I had "run away."
Sometimes a rambling life I led, sometimes supine I lay.
A letter came: my dad was dead of grief that I had "run away."

I then was rich; and I was free: at home I could not stay!
I travell'd long; at length returned, no more to "run away."
In quiet now I wished to pass the remnant of my day:
Alas, I found my gold had flown while I had "run away!"

1830.

—o—

Recollections of the Co. Wicklow.

LET others sigh o'er pleasures past,
Or grieve because they could not last.
I will endeavour to prolong
Those moments in a simple song.

Oh, that my pen had memory's power
To fix the impression of that hour,
When first upon the mountain's side
The brilliant heather I espied:
With vales beneath, and rocks around,
It seemed to me enchanted ground!
In gorgeous clouds the sky was drest,
As if to woo the sun to rest:
Methought he fondly lingered there,
As loth to leave a scene so fair.

What magic's in a name, to bring
Before us a far-distant thing!
Delgany—Luggelaw—will be
Remembered long and oft by me;
I trace their various beauties o'er,—
Now linger on that lake's bright shore,
And now approach the unchanging sea:
"The ever-fresh, the ever-free."

Brayhead doth from his rugged steep
Eternal watch o'er ocean keep,
And guards the richly-waving corn,
Scent-sprinkled from the woodbine's horn
Which graceful through the foliage grows;
While o'er each cottage climbs the rose,
Making to vie each low retreat
In beauty, with yon lordly seat.

Dunran, thy woods and lady-rock,
My powers of description mock!

Thou wert most beauteous, Altidore,
Until I stood within Glenmore!
I climbed thy heights, and scarce could breathe
Whilst looking at the depth beneath:
Mountains and rocks majestic rise,
With trees aspiring to the skies.
Nor voice of mirth, nor song of bird
Should e'er in that retreat be heard;
Yet berries wild, and flowers spring,
And insects there are revelling,
Lest thoughts too vast, and feelings deep
As ocean's breast, our spirits keep.
The rushing foaming torrent near
Is all the melody I hear.
Lone, undisturbed, the eagle's nest
For ever may securely rest:
Shut out from the abode of men
Will ever be "the Devil's glen;"
But yet so beautiful and fair
Angels might wish to sojourn there.

If thought to gloomier scenes would stray
The seven Churches I survey.
Step above step the mountains piled
In rich confusion, vast and wild,

Suiting the legendary lore
Which greets us on the gloomy shore
Of yon dark lake,—fair Kathleen's grave,
Whose doom the frenzied Kevin gave,
When Love, o'ercoming doubt and dread,
To his retreat her footsteps led!
Yet was he deemed a man of prayer,
And votaries to his bed repair.

On gentler objects now I gaze,
Where Clara's vale its sweets displays.
Here, save the river as it flows,
Here all is beauty in repose;
Peaceful and calm, like virtue's breast,—
'Twould charm a wearied soul to rest.
Thus from my dear and quiet home
My busy memory loves to roam.
Each scene presented to my mind
Recalls some friend I've left behind:
The brook, where bloomed my favourite flower,—
Our rambles in the evening hour,
When poetry, or converse sweet,
Beguiled us of those moments fleet.
When in succeeding years ye see
The wild-flowers, will ye think of me,
Your stranger-guest,—whom seas now sever,
But who'll forget fair Roundwood,—never!

1839.

A Missionary Hymn for Christmas.

Air: "Tyrolese Evening Hymn."—HEMANS.

COME to the Christmas-tree,
Hear not the call in vain;
Help us to set those free,
Who lie bound in Satan's chain.
How can those bands be broke,
If the Gospel be concealed,
Or their "sleep of death" awoke,
If "the truth" be not revealed?
Come, come, come!

To teach that "God is love,"
To tame the savage breast,
Christ descended from above:
That the weary might have rest,
"The Son to us was given."
The angels sang on earth,
And the echo rose to heaven,
At the great Redeemer's birth.
Come, come, come!

How beautiful their feet,
Who the glad-tidings bring;
Love, joy, and peace here meet,
From heaven's eternal King.
Look on the mission-field,
Imploring help in vain:
Who will the sickle wield
On the harvest white with grain?
Come, come, come!

"Break up your fallow ground!"
Spread wide the Saviour's name;
Where sin and death abound
His saving grace proclaim.
The day of life flies fast,
The race will soon be o'er;
Haste then the seed to cast
Of the Gospel, on each shore.
Come, come, come!

November, 1863.

A Fact, not a Fiction.

In an article which appeared a few years since in "*The Quarterly*," it is stated that the late Rev. Dr. Raffles, when travelling with a friend, before the days of railways, had the house pointed out to him at which the following incident had occurred.

THERE dwelt, my muse need not say where,
A girl who was accounted fair.
She was esteemed an acquisition
At friendly parties,—a musician,—
A lively sparkler,—with the credit
Of a rich father; and the merit
Of having at her own command
Wealth which no rival could withstand.

She was a treasure in herself,
And deemed no man regarded pelf;
And, least of all, that favoured one,
Who had her first affections won.
Her father saw not with her eyes,
And fain would baulk him of his prize;
But she believed him true and good,
And every argument withstood.

High words from time to time arose:
Her wounded spirit sought repose;
And under pressure from her squire
She yielded to his strong desire

To end these conflicts and alarms
By fleeing to his open arms.
Her chamber-window well he knew,
And to it he a ladder drew;

Then held it firm while she descended:
Upon her courage *all* depended;
And while her sire profoundly slept,
On to the ground she safely stepp'd.
Their horse stood saddled at the gate,
Accustomed to a double weight.
The bride-elect then sat behind,
And round his waist an arm entwined.

After a while the lady spake,
And yearned for the response he'd make:
"Would he repay her loving trust
By being ever kind and just,
And gentle to her when they're wed?"
"Perhaps I may!" was all he said.
Silence resumed her gloomy reign;
When suddenly she spake again.

"I have forgot my money!" "Then,"
Said he, "we must go back again
And fetch it." "But we may be late."
"No matter: we will try our fate!"

They travel the same road again;
This time 'tis with a sense of pain.
At length they reach the outer gate,
Where, with his steed, he means to wait.

The ladder's at her window still,
And she ascends to do his will.
The weary minutes linger now:
He frets, and chafes, and calls her slow;
Then whistles. When she does appear,
Asks, "Are you coming quickly, dear?"
"Perhaps I may! I cannot tell.
The air is chill. Good-night! Farewell!"

April 8th, 1872.

—o—

A Young Lady's Soliloquy.

"SILENCE is golden!" I shall win the prize!
And scorn becometh well my lips and eyes.
Those who but seldom smile and often pout
People regard, nor care to put them out.
With a pet few I'll ever make my way,—
Study their tempers, and shall find it pay.

—o—

Ballad on Count Rumford.

"The Count, Benjamin Thompson, by birth and baptism was the son of an American farmer. When in his thirteenth year he was apprenticed to a general dealer at Salem. He neglected the store, drew caricatures, dabbled in science, kept a school; when he was nineteen, at Rumford, he was married to a woman of fortune." He was knighted by George III.

> "The tenderest and the happiest pair
> Have still occasion to forbear,
> And something every day they live
> To pity, and perhaps forgive."—KEBLE.

THERE'S an old adage, often sung:
"'Tis better if you marry young!"
When early youth has pass'd, the will
And habit have grown stronger still:
To do what we've designed to do
Affordeth satisfaction too.
When at some cost you have forsaken
A cherished pastime, and partaken
Of purer pleasure, by the toil
And effort to improve the soil
Of nature in your heart and mind,
You'll not be easily inclined
To yield your judgment to another,
Though he may be a gifted brother.
Some say, "Good counsel goes for nought,"
And that "experience must be bought."
Too dearly purchased it may be:
And we a case in point shall see.

Ben Thompson, till his twentieth year
Held no position, it is clear;
Then, in the lottery of life
A wealthy dame became his wife.
His varied talents from that hour
Obtained their due reward in power.
His military prowess great,—
Successful Minister of State,—
Mechanics, science, chemistry,
Open their hidden stores to thee,
Count Rumford, of Rome's Holy See.

Full twenty years of wedded life
(There is no record found of strife)
His wife still lived his name to bear
And in his well-won glories share,
Ere eight-and-thirty years have sped
Over his richly-honoured head!

Now the scene changes. Fifty-one
Years have bright threads of silver spun
Amid his raven locks: and lo,
Eleven widowed years we show!
He has one daughter, it appears,
About the age of thirty years;
Her father trusts her it is plain,
And thus his scheme unfolds amain:

"No longer I'll withhold from you
What I most probably shall do.
I think of marrying! I have met
A widow lady I could get
I quite believe, should I decide
On asking her to be my bride;
In all respects that I can see,
She is a proper match for me!
She has no child; enjoys good health:
In her own power she has great wealth!
Keeps a good house; round her a ring
Of Paris-literati cling;
Her name's unsullied, and her age
About my own I should presage:
Amiable, clever, gracious, free,
And pleasing in society;
But what is more than all the rest,
Goodness itself,—by all confest!"

The next note to his daughter glows
With a shade deeper of the rose:
"I both esteem and love her dearly,
And she's attached to me sincerely!"
Twenty-one months they spend in wooing,
Then tie the knot there's no undoing.
In less than three months from that date,
Thus freely he doth speculate:

"My daughter, betwixt you and I,
This family secret close will lie.
I've sad forebodings: I'm afraid,
From observations I have made,
Two people caused a sad miscarriage
Of peace and comfort by their marriage.
Had I but guess'd what now I know,
'Twould have been better: Time will show!"

The anniversary wedding-morn
Reveals him wretched and forlorn.
A year of contradiction! strife!
'Tis hell on earth with such a wife!
Whene'er I give an order, straight
She countermands it, with much weight
Attached thereto. I must succumb.
Would I were deaf, or she were dumb!
A female dragon,—gentle name,—
I simply call what I can't tame."
Their second anniversary brings
To view no better state of things:
Dissatisfaction, gloom, and strife,
The habit of their daily life.

Although in Paris, house and ground
By a high wall is circled round;
While a rich knoll of stately trees
For ever whisper in the breeze.

Close by the Porter's lodge, the gates
From which a winding path dilates
Through a plantation of green bowers,
Adorned with beds of choicest flowers.
All here attests Count Rumford's skill,
In bending Nature to his will;
And here to meditate alone,
Our great Philosopher is prone:
His wife prefers to air her graces
Before some old familiar faces.
She asks her guests without permission,
Indifferent to her Count's decision,
"For surely she may have her way,
Unhindered, on their wedding day!"
She reckoned thus without her host,
Nor wisely stayed to count the cost.
She argues: "'Twas herself to please."
He says, "'Twas *solely* him to teaze."
Sundry recriminations pass'd;
He to the Porter hies at last,
And threats him with dismissal straight
If one's admitted through the gate;
But to make sure and be at ease,
He shoots the lock and takes the keys.
The ponderous bell rang at the portal,
Thrice thundered,—but no living mortal
Comes to the gates to ope them wide,
But anguish loud is heard inside.

The widow of Lavoisier,
And wife of our philosopher,
Laments her disappointed friends:
"Hopes soon to make them rich amends,"
And through the wall her message sends;
Then turns away,—but not to fret,
Tamely submit, or to forget:
Retaliation is her plan
To aggravate this angry man;
So an experiment she tried,
To his with heat somewhat allied.
Upon her husband's most prized flowers
Some boiling water then she showers:
Which took effect. Her end she gains,
And gave him double for his pains,
Smiling meanwhile to think that she
Outwitted him so easily!

Lady, if you're prepared to smother
Your every wish to please another,
Then marry,—and I dare presage
You will be happy till old age;
But if you've some strong predilection,
There will be daily crucifixion
In bearing constant contradiction!

April 23rd, 1872.

Aspirations of a youthful Bride.

EMPTY my heart of self, howe'er refined;
Vain projects cause to vanish from my mind,
And healthful occupations let me find.

Called early, by my choice, to be a wife,
A noble aim should influence all my life,
Raising the matron far above the bride,
Richer in grace each hour, each day more purified,

1871.

—o—

A Girlish Remonstrance.

CARE will sober me soon enough: be not afraid
That sorrow and time will not render me staid;
Nor think that a gravity suiting the sage
Would be equally well at an earlier age.
When the innocent jest and gay laughter go round,
Must my spirit in gloom and dejection be bound?
You may render me sad, or may make me put on
Wisdom's garb, which may cover my folly and fun;
But who would the flavour of forced fruit compare
With that which is nourished by nature's free air?
So the mask will be seen, the deception be known,
And I in my natural colours be shown.

Then pr'ythee forbear; and permit me to be
What nature hath made me,—blythe, cheerful, and free.
My health with my spirits would vanish,—and then
You might wish, though in vain, to restore them again.

1833.

—o—

For a Family in Grief.

FATHER! our Father! see the parents' tears:
Their agony how great! How great their fears!
Bid Thy destroying angel's visits cease,
And pour into their wounded spirits peace.

Father! our Father! in one grave are laid
Two, who in health and strength so lately played;
And now their sister droops: awhile forbear,
Death, to re-enter that abode of care.

Father! our Father! teach us how to feel
A neighbour's sorrow, and a neighbour's weal;
And teach us how acceptably to pray,
That all their ills may swiftly pass away.

1835.

—o—

To a Dear Friend on the Birth of a Second Daughter.

MAY He whose lovingkindness didst sustain
Amid the peril of that painful hour,
Recruit thy strength and magnify His power,
In cheering thee in weariness and pain,
And soon restoring thee to health again.

Lord, look with tender pity from above
On this frail, precious, priceless gift of Thine:
Cause her to recognise Thy voice divine;
Keep her from evil; guide her by Thy love
While yet an infant, not of years, but days:
Out of the mouths of such may spring forth praise.
On Willie, too, and Blanche, let grace descend,
Destined to dwell where joys shall never end!

June, 1877.

—o—

To Katie, on receipt of a Christmas Card.

KIND wishes for your family I send,
And hope that they a happy year may spend!
Thy little offering of love I prize:
Induced by it, I rouse my sympathies,
Enwrapped too oft in painful memories!
Sweet girl, I fondly hope thou dost aspire
To obtain that excellence we all desire!
Unto thy talents and thyself be true:
Relax no effort,—keep the goal in view,—
Go on and prosper: may thy hand give still
Enduring proofs of diligence and skill.
Of power to catch a likeness we have trace—
No easy task for thee—in Emmie's face!

January, 1874.

TRANSLATIONS.

"TANTO gentile, e tanto onesta pare
La donna mia, quand ella altrui saluta,
Ch' ogni lingua divien tremando muta,
Egli occhi non l' ardiscon di guardare.

"Ella sen va, sentendosi laudare,
Umilemente d'onesta vestuta:
E par che sia una cosa venuta
Di cielo in terra a miracol mostrare.

"Mostrasi si piacente a chi la mira,
Che dà per gli occhi una dolcezza al core,
Che 'ntender non la puo chi non la pruova.

"E par, che dalla sua labbia si mova
Uno spirito soave, pieu d' amore,
Che va dicendo all' anima: sospira."

DANTE.

An English Version of the above.

SO gentle, true, and modest is my fair,
When, courteous, she returns each low salute,
That every trembling tongue becometh mute,
And eyes are veiled, lest love they should declare!

She moves away, in charms and beauty rare,
Conscious of homage; while her simple dress
Does but increase her native loveliness:
An earthly form but with angelic air!

So pure, so pleasing seems she to the eyes,
That sweetest rapture steals into the heart,
Which few may comprehend, and none impart,

For none are conscious where the witchery lies;
While from love-laden lips ascends a tone,
For ever breathing to the soul, Sigh on!

February 1st, 1873.

—o—

"*Le Regret.*"

"Odes et Ballades par Victor Hugo."

"OUI, le bonheur bien vite a passé dans ma vie !
On le suit, dans ses bras on se livre au sommeil.
Puis, comme cette vierge aux champs Cretois ravie
On se voit seul à son reveil.
On le cherche de loin dans l'avenir immense
On lui crie, oh revien compagnon de mes jours
Et le plaisir accourt ; mais sans remplir l'absence
De celui qu 'on pleure tonjours
Moi, si l'impur plaisir m' offre sa vaine flamme
Je lui dirai Va, fuis, et respecte mon sort
Le bonheur a laissé le regret dans mon ame
Mais toi, tu laisses le remords."

Sorrow.

Translation of the above.

YES: Happiness has fled from out my life!
We follow,—sink within her arms to sleep;
Then, like the maid to Cretan valley borne,
One wakes to find oneself alone,—forlorn!
Henceforth I seek her in the far-away,
And cry, "Return, Joy of my youthful day!"
And Pleasure hastens; but she can't restore
That which I mourn and weep for evermore:
No peace, no rest, but ever-kindling strife!
For me, if tempted by unhallowed Pleasure,
I say to her, "Begone!" thy reign is o'er,
Nor offer unto me thy poison treasure!
Lost Happiness has left my soul in sorrow,
But thou would'st fill me with remorse to-morrow!

May, 1876.

"*Son Nom.*"

"Odes et Ballades par Victor Hugo."

LE parfum d'un lis pur, l'eclat d'un aurèole,
La dernière rumeur du jour,
La plainte d'un ami qui s'afflige et console,
L'adieu mysterieux de l'heure qui s'envole
Le doux bruit d'un baiser d'amour.

L'écharpe aux sept couleurs que l'orage, en la nue
Laisse, comme un trophée, au soleil triumphant,
L'accent inspiré d'une voix reconnue,
Le vœu le plus secret d'une vierge ingenue,
Le premier réve d'un enfant.

Le chant d'un chœur lointain, le soupir que à l'aurore
Rendait le fabuleux Memnon
Le murmure d'un son qui tremble et s'evapore.
Tout ce que la pensée a de plus doux encore,
Oh, lyre! est moins doux que son Nom!

Her Name.

Translation of the above.

THE perfume of a lily pure,
The halo of the moonbeam's ray,
The last breath of a summer's day;
The friendly sigh, which softens grief,
The memory of an hour too brief,
Or, as that evanescent bliss,
The sweet sound of a lover's kiss!

Like rainbow-colours, which the sun
Leaves trophy-like of victory won;
Or accents of a well-loved voice,
Calling upon us to rejoice;
Or secret vow,—a pure maid's theme,—
Or a young infant's earliest dream!

The chanting of a distant choir;
The sigh, which at the dawn of day
The fabled Memnon breathes for aye;
The trembling sound which floats away:
All that is lovely to which men aspire,
Are less sweet than "her name" to me, O Lyre!

May, 1876.

"La Pauvre Fille."

"Stances par Alex. Soumet."

J'AI fui le pénible sommeil
Qu' aucun songe hereux n'accompagne ;
J'ai devancé sur la montagne
Les premiers rayons du soleil.

S'éveillant avec la nature,
Le jeune oiseau chantait sur l'aubépine en fleurs,
Sa mère lui portait sa douce nourriture ;
Mes yeux se sont mouillés de pleurs.

Oh ! pourquoi n'ai-je pas de mère ?
Pourquoi ne suis-je pas semblable au jeune oiseau
Dont le nid se balance aux branches de l'ormeau ?
Rien ne m'appartient sur la terre,
Je n' eux pas même de berceau,
Et je suis un enfant délaissé sur la pierre
Devant l'église du hameau.

Loin de mes parens exilée,
De leurs embrassemens j'ignore la douceur,
Et les enfans de la vallée
Ne m' appellent jamais leur soeur !

The Motherless.

Translation of the above.

I AWAKE from troubled sleep
Never bless'd by happy dreams,
And I climb the mountain steep
Before the sun's first beams.

All nature wakes to meet the dawn;
The young bird twitters on the thorn:
To him sweet food his mother brings!
Why know not I a parent's care?
No loving friends my food prepare:
I sorrow, while the forest sings.

Nothing belongs to me on earth,
Not e'en a cradle at my birth:
A helpless infant, left alone.
Yet tears perhaps my mother shed
At leaving me amongst the dead
To die upon the cold, cold stone.

I see beneath the spreading tree
The cotter's family in glee
When evening shadows fall;
Their merry laugh the hills rebound,—
And happy children sport around,
But me they never call.

Je ne partage pas les jeux de la veillée ;
Jamais sons son toit de feuillée,
Le joyeux laboureur ne m'invite à m' asseoir ;
Et de loin je vois sa famille,
Autour du sarment qui pétille,
Chercher sur ses genoux la caresse du soir.

Vers la chappelle hospitalière,
En pleurant j'adresse mes pas,
La seule demeure ici-bas
Où je ne sois pas étrangère,
La seule devant moi qui ne se ferme pas !
Souvent je contemple la pierre
Où commencèrent mes malheurs ;
J'y cherche la trace des pleurs
Qu' en m'y laissant, peut-être, y rèpandit ma mère.

Souvent mes pas errans
Parcourent des tombeaux l' asile solitaire ;
Mais pour moi les tombeaux sont tous indifférens :
La pauvre fille est sans parents
Au milieu des cercueils ainsi que sur la terre.

J'ai pleuré quartorze printemps
Loin des bras qui m' ont repoussée
Reviens, ma mere, je t'attends
Sur la pierre où tu m' as laissée.

Weeping to chapel then I go,
The only dwelling here below
  Which is not closed on me.
Over each silent tomb I bend,—
Alas, not one contains a friend
  Or names my family!

No kindred has the lonely maid
Amongst the living or the dead.
  Mother, I wait for thee
Upon the stone where first began
My ills: that stone I often scan
  To find some trace of thee.

The spring's return for fourteen years I've wept,
Those arms repulsed me where I should have slept.
Return, my mother, to the very stone
Where thou did'st leave thy infant babe alone!

—o—

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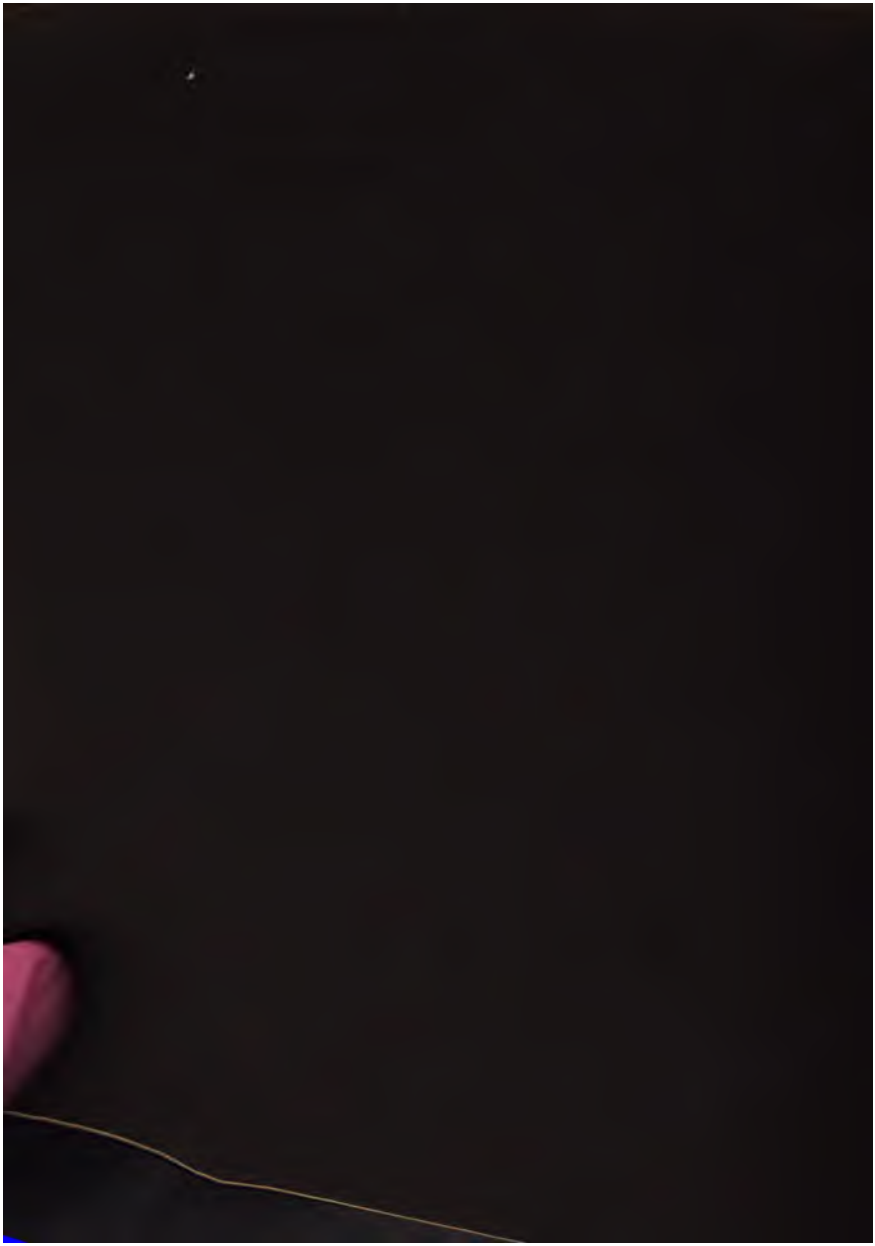

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